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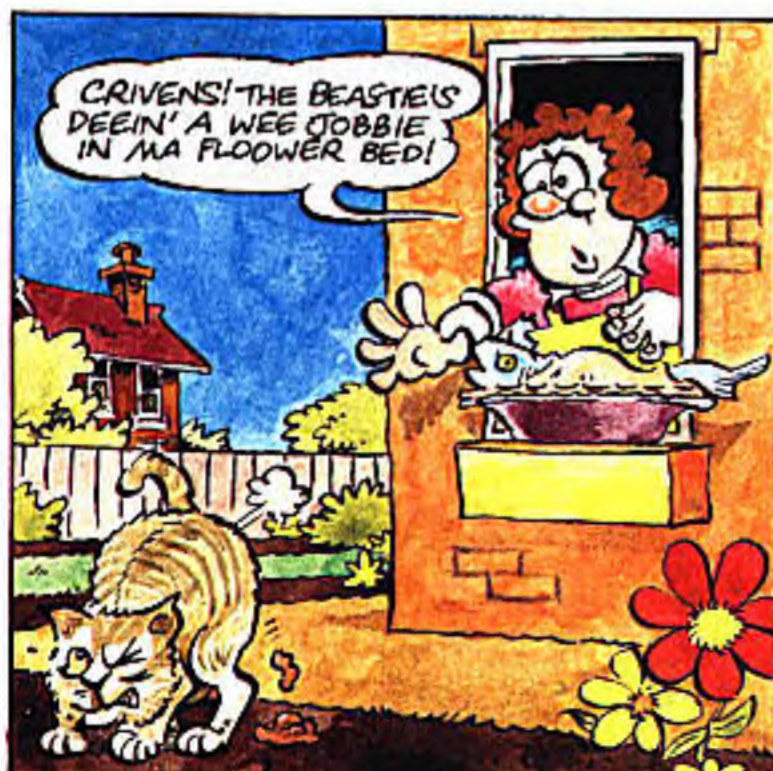
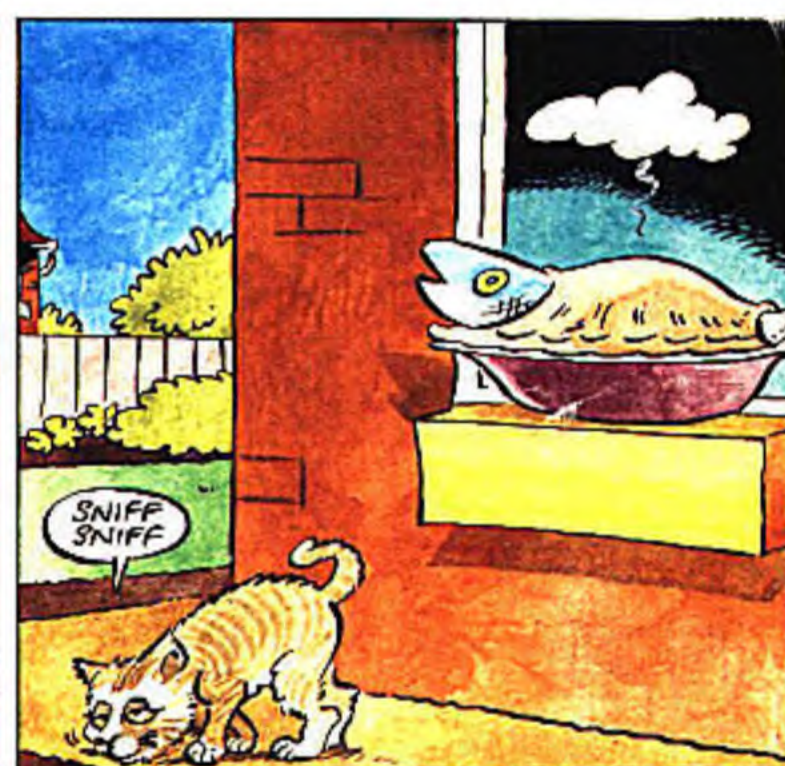
Instant!

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Inside: POSTMAN PLOD JOHNNY FARTPANTS SPOILT BASTARD ROGER MELLIE NOBBY'S PILES LETTERBOCKS TOP TIPS and very little else.

IN THE FISHMONGERS...

HEY - I JUST SAW THAT CAT CLIMBING UP THE FIRE ESCAPE AT THE BACK OF YOUR SHOP.

OH NO! I SHOULD IMAGINE THAT HE'LL BE UP ON THE ROOF, EQUIPPED WITH WELLIES, A FOLDING STOOL AND A FISHING ROD, HOOKING FISH OFF MY FRONT COUNTER!

NO SIGN OF HIM. IN THAT CASE, HE MUST BE IN MY FLAT DRESSED AS AN ESKIMO, AND STEALING MY FISH THROUGH A HOLE IN THE FLOOR!

BUT...

BUGGER. HE'S KNOCKED A PLANT OVER AND PISSED UP ME CURTAINS.



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Marti wins brave battle

Marti Caine has won a brave battle with a dragon, according to close pals of the popular comic and all round entertainer.

Marti's battle began when the dragon suddenly appeared while she was hanging out washing on a clothes line in her back garden. Friends of the star first thought Caine had defeated the beast after a fierce skirmish lasting twenty minutes. The all-clear was sounded when the dragon scurried off through bushes towards nearby allotments.

Fence

However the celebrations were short lived. The following morning the fire breathing dragon returned through a hole in the fence. Despite its size, over twenty feet tall and breathing flames 30 feet long, Marti continued to bravely battle the dragon, armed with only a small sword.

Nark

As news of her battle spread a stream of cards and flowers sent by well wishers began to arrive at Miss Caine's Essex home, and a small group of fans gathered outside eagerly awaiting news from the back garden. The star's agent issued a brief statement saying only that Miss Caine was 'doing as well as could be expected'.

Grass

Seven hours later came the news that the former 'New Faces' star had finally

slain the beast. According to pals an exhausted Miss Caine celebrated by chopping its head off and raising it high above her head on the end of her sword.

Last night Miss Caine was believed to be recuperating at a friend's house and was unavailable for comment.

Marti Caine (right) - yesterday



WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

'What became of TODD CARTY the child actor who played Tucker Jenkins in the popular seventies children's series Grange Hill?' asks Heather Evans of Cardiff.

Well Heather, Todd left Grange Hill in 1982 and gradually drifted out of acting. Nowadays, aged 86, he travels the country wearing a built up shoe, earning a living from door-to-door, sharpening knives, grinding lawn mower blades and repairing pans and shovels.

"Grange Hill was wonderful work while it lasted", he told us. "I was earning a lot more than most kids my age. But all good things must come to and end". Todd has lost touch with the rest of Grange Hill's class of '79, with one exception. "I knocked on a door a few years back and got a shock when Susan Tully opened it. She asked me in for a cuppa and we chatted about old times. Then I riveted a handle back onto a pan for her".

His job as a tinker may be a million miles from his acting days, but Todd insists he's never been happier. "I have no regrets at all. I'm my own boss now, and I'm enjoying every minute of it".



"No regrets" - Todd as Tucker Jenkins (above) and below as he is today



The SIMON SALAD-CREAM Story



Part Six
WELCOME ABOARD ONE FM - AGAIN!

SIMON'S RISE FROM RADIO OBSCURITY HAD BEEN METEORIC. NOW HE WAS PART OF MATTHEW STAIRCARPET'S RADIO ONE REVOLUTION.



HI EVERYONE. I'M HEMMARDYD ON MY LUNCH-TIME SHOW. I'M GOING TO TALK ABOUT WOMEN'S ISSUES AND STUFF. IN A QUIET VOICE WITH JUST A HINT OF A CUTE LISP.



NEW WEEKEND SHOW HOST DAZZY FATSO WAS NEXT TO SPEAK...



THEN I'LL MOVE INTO TV AND JOIN THE QUEUE OF COCKNEY MEDIA TYPES CURRENTLY RIPPING OFF DAVID LETTERMAN'S AMERICAN CHAT SHOW FORMAT LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL!



NOT LONG AFTERWARDS, A TAPE OF AN OBSCURE NORTHERN BBC D.J. LANDS ON SIMON'S DESK...



LetterBOCKS

LETTERBOCKS
Viz, P.O. Box 1PT
Newcastle upon Tyne
NE99 1PT

Scratch n' stiff

Why not make Lottery 'scratch cards' more fun by putting pictures of Liz Hurley, Catherine Zeta-Jones and Anna Friel on them. Scratch away to reveal a pair of tits and you win £10, a fanny wins you £25, or both in one picture and you hit the jackpot - £50,000! The Lottery would be quids in, cos half the winners would hang onto their cards for bedtime reading material rather than claim their prize money.

L.V.
Harlington, Middlesex.

Pedantics' corner

In your UFO Files competition, issue 73, the correct answer to question one would have been 'none of the above'. The name of the ship whose entire crew vanished was in fact the 'Mary Celeste'. The ship's name was misquoted as 'Mari Celeste' in an article written by Sir Arthur Conan-Doyle shortly after the incident, and has been incorrectly taken as 'Mari Celeste' ever since. Your competition merely serves to further this popular misconception.

Dave Williamson
Brighton

So, according to Sweary Mary (issue 73) all Viz readers are stupid? Not as stupid as you thick cunts though. Mystic Meg to be burned at the "steak"? A ten ounce fucking sirloin perhaps? Wild Willy Barrett tables competition - $3 \times 7 = 22$? And Bjorg, by the way, is a tennis player, not a pint sized pop singer from Iceland. And you reckon the Irish are thick? Up yours, tossers.

Mr W.B. Albion
Co. Waterford (The Free State)

* That's not fair Mr Albion. Even though they are, we've never said a thing about the Irish being thick. And by the way, 3×7 IS 22.

How hypocritical of book-makers to complain that the National Lottery is costing them money, while simultaneously refusing to take bets on the Queen Mum's death. With a knock of 95 already on the scoreboard the old girl is guaranteed a standing ovation on her way back to the pavilion. So what harm would it do if a few punters celebrated her demise by breaking open the bubbly? The Government could rake in a fortune in Betting Tax. And let's face it, if the boot was on the other foot, she'd be the first one to stick a tenner on somebody else croking.

G. Sweeney
Wolverhampton

Amen's Corner

In response to your request in issue 73. I'm Blue Weaver, and I was organist with UK pop combo Amen Corner until I left in 1970. I later played sessions with The Strawbs and Mott the Hoople. In order to prove it, Amen Corner's single achievements were: Get Back, Bend Me Shape Me, High In The Sky, Gin House and Hello Susie. So there.

For the last four years I've been raising weasels and stoats on a small estate on Teesside. I was always renowned for my massive organ, but a lot of the social clubs around here have steep steps. Consequently I can't seem to get it up anymore.

Blue Weaver
c/o Steve Hewitt Entertainers
Middlesbrough

* Congratulations Blue. There's a crisp tenner on its way to your agent, of which you can expect to receive £7 or so. Come on, other surviving members of sixties pop combo Amen Corner. Drop us a line. There's a fiver for all subsequent members of the group who get in touch.

My husband is a real outdoor survival expert. For the last three months he has lived in a den on a riverbank, and eaten nothing but fish which he catches himself by diving underwater.

Mind you, he is an otter.
Mrs Otter
River Exe, Devon

Ewe ugly bastard



Following on from the letter and photo in issue 73. People often remark on the amazing likeness between my ewe (pictured) and Channel 4 Racing's John McCrick. Can readers spot the likeness?

Claire Smith
Tadcaster

Yas ser, that's my cavy

My pet gerbil Lionel is the spitting image of Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat. Do I win £10?

Sketty
Shanklin, IOW



LETTERBOCKS SWEARING PENS!

Have a letter published and you'll receive a unique self-swearing Letterbocks pen with a revolving rude rhyme on the barrel. Plus £5, or sometimes £10, depending how we feel.



I admire Hugh Grant. Despite all that he has been through in the last couple of months he is still able to show us that cheeky grin he is so famous for.

Mrs S.O. Bag
Tunbridge Wells

Campaigners in favour of national identity cards and closed circuit TV cameras in every street say that people with nothing to hide have got nothing to worry about. What sort of dismal lives do these sad shitticks lead?

Pippa Legg
Lyndhurst, Hants.

Rugby's for puffs

Like many people I was thrilled to see the England Rugby Union team put up such a good display against Australia. How much more thrilling it would have been, however, if Rugby wasn't a boring and incomprehensible game played solely by fat puffs.

A. Buckley
West Brom.

Is it true that Ladbrokes are offering 8/1 that nothing funny will appear in Viz before April next year? Well worth a punt, I'd say.

Nick Allen
Sale, Cheshire

Is it just me, or are the letters about Viz not being as funny as it used to be not as funny as they used to be? I remember a time when nearly every letter about Viz not being as funny as it used to be was really funny. Let's get back to the good old days by making letters about Viz not being as funny as it used to be as funny as they used to be.

Come on letter writers. Just because Viz can't be bothered to be as funny as it used to be that's no excuse why Viz-not-as-funny-as-it-used-to-be letter writers should let their own standards drop.

Peter Keighron
London SW1

Tyking a liberty

Like many others like me, I feel I can no longer keep quiet about the price of Viz being bumped up so high that only students and Lottery winners can afford it. You are cutting your readership off so you can carry on indulging in the beer and tabs lifestyle you've all become decadently accustomed to, you's have. Words fail me, almost, I'm so shocked. FUCKIN' £1.40! Where do you lot get off? Viz isn't even very funny or unpredictable anymore. For the next 6 years, 8 months, I'm going to stop buying Viz and simply reread my 40 back issues. By the end of that period I'll have either won the Lottery, grown up, or even better, you'll have gone bust.

Yours pennilessly
Phil Fletcher,
Hebden Bridge

* Thanks for your comments, Phil. We've had quite few complaints about the price increase, mostly from tight arsed Yorkshire gits like yourself. I suppose you write to the brewery every time a pint of Telleys fucking Bitter goes up, do you?

Viz-ad of Oz

In issue 73 there was an advert for Australian subscriptions. Has Rupert Murdoch bought you out, or is this merely an extension of your prison pardon scheme?

Andrew Healy
Ashford

* Viz has been published in Australia for several years. Previously we removed any subtle bits and printed special editions for our less mentally agile Australian friends. However in order to cut printing costs the Ozzies now receive the standard UK edition, and that's why a reference to Australian Subs has begun to appear.

Rovers poor return

People have criticised millionaire Jack Walker for pumping millions of pounds into Blackburn Rovers football club in order to 'buy' success for a club which clearly lacks the strength of support needed to sustain it. I think that's unfair on poor Jack. You can't take your money with you when you go, so why not die happy, with your team on top of the league?

Only problem is Mr Walker should have died this summer. Now Blackburn are shit again, and unless he spends another £30 million on a second championship, his team are going to win fuck all for the foreseeable future.

Mr S. Iron
Troon



Rover's boss Jack Walker (left) - many unhappy returns this season

Chopper choppers

I read in the tabloid press that Paula Yates has had six grand's worth of new choppers fitted. What the fuck for? To bite poor Michael's cock off? Might not be a bad idea actually. Its the only way she'll hang onto it for any length of time.

Gyles Dong
Staffordshire

I'm sick of modern parents writing books about how punk rock affected them. And all the pony-tailed gits on Radio Four's Kaleidoscope telling us about their collection of Lou Reed bootlegs. If there's one thing worse than an Oxbridge graduate talking in a Brian Sewell accent about Pissaro, its an Oxbridge graduate talking in a Frank Bruno accent about Blur.

Pippa Legg
Lyndhurst, Hants.

See photo, (right), do I win £10?

Colin Smith
Knottingly

"You treat your father like a taxi driver" said my mother the other day. I had just thumped him and kicked the door of his car in.

Dennis Wise
Chelsea

Tuppence tuggers

How come all the lesbians on the television are good looking birds? They're about as true to life as the tuppence tugging tarts on the porno movie channel. Where's all the big booted, tattooed, shaven headed, fanny eating monsters you see in real life?

J. Marsh
Barry

When writing in issue 73, Marcus O'Neill of Ipswich University fails to take account of one highly pertinent factor when considering the lyrical dilemma experienced by the The Clash in "Should I stay or should I go?" When pondering the lyric "If I go there will be trouble; if I stay it will be double", Mr O'Neill appears unaware that The Clash were a seventies punk band, anarchic in their behaviour, and may well have been seeking; or at least relishing the prospect of, trouble. The idea of this trouble being multiplied may well in their minds have been conducive to sojournment. Mr O'Neill's conclusion that the band should 'go' must therefore be considered doubtful.

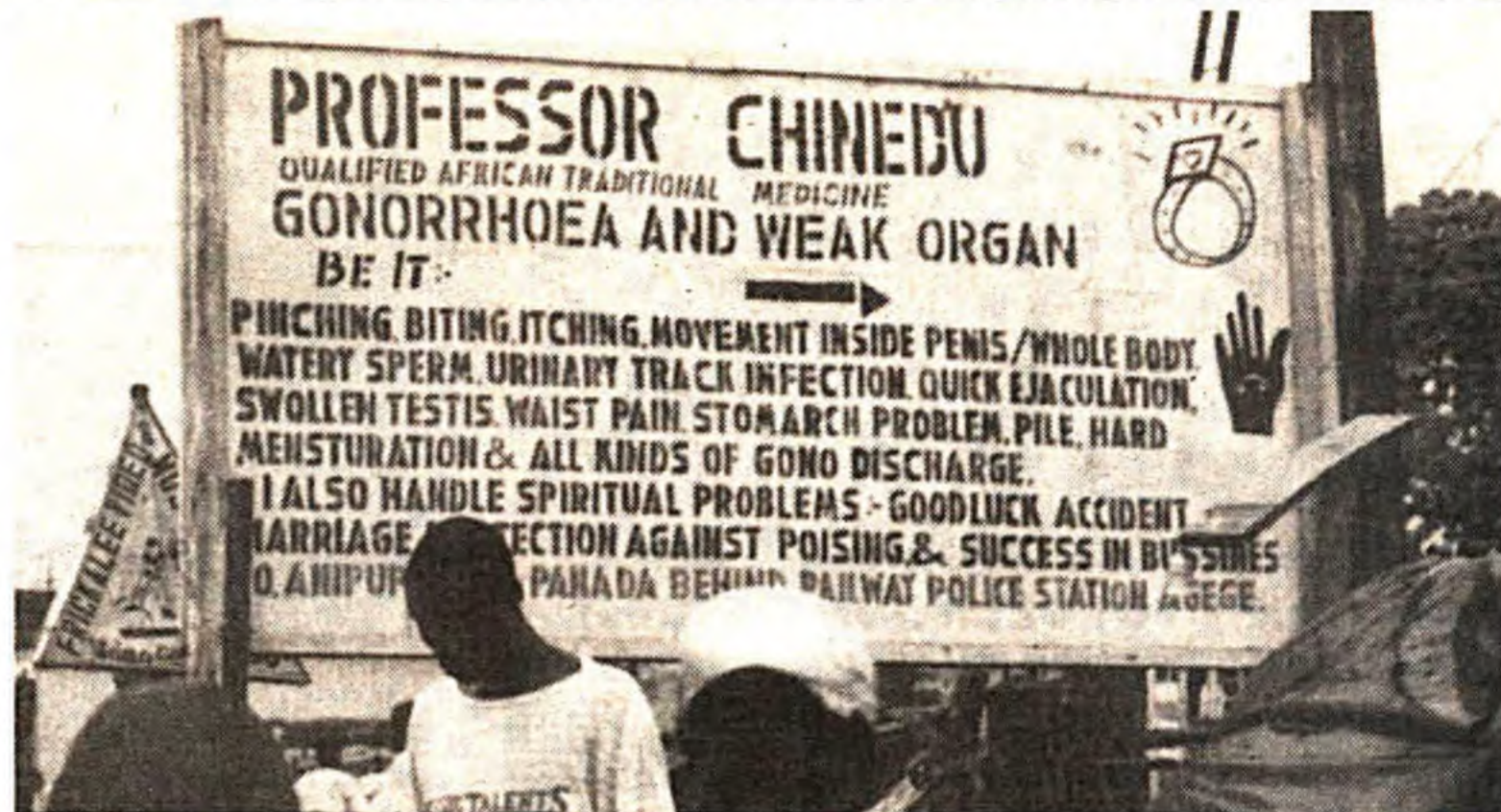
Beryl O'Fegg
Colchester University

They say you can't teach an old dog new tricks. Bollocks. I just taught my wife to juggle, and she's 52.

Jay Cox
Grays, Essex

One way Mr Major could solve the problems of unemployment and transport pollution would be to pay the unemployed to form a 'human chain' between industrial centres and simply pass goods along the line, from one person to the next.

Stu Mate
Bristol



Hurley bird doesn't catch the sperm

You've really got to feel sorry for Liz Hurley. Poor Liz is almost thirty and the daft bitch doesn't seem to have discovered that sex ain't a quarter as good as booze. Perhaps now with the thought of Pancake's lips round her fella's cock she'll be encouraged to wrap her own lips round the neck of a gin bottle. Go on Liz. Get yourself down the off license. It's the only sensible course to take.

Pippa Legg
Lyndhurst, Hants.



Gin Lizzy

On page 5 of issue 73 you carried an advertisement for Radio One DJs, illustrating it with a vehicle, registration number NHK 295M. Would this be the same NHK 295M which was featured on the opening sequence of The Sweeney?

Mark Kreissl
Manchester

* Well spotted. We cut the car out of an old Sweeney annual. There's a filing cabinet, a bottle of whisky and a coffee mug on its way to you.

The old people of today need to get their priorities right. In the olden days they would live in thatched cottages and make up old wives tales and proverbs. Nowadays they live in bungalows by the seaside, play bingo and demand pensions. If these old cronies coped so well during the war, why not take away their pensions and give them back their ration books. They'd be in their element, living on one sausage a week, and no bananas.

Mr P. Bob
Hong Kong

Lovely bug? Balls!

Anyone who thinks butterflies are beautiful should try pulling their over sized wings off. Without them they look just like any other disgusting insect.

Nick Allen
Sale, Cheshire

Liz Hurley and Leslie Ash. If you want revenge on your unfaithful partners come round to my house. Both at the same time if you're game.

Eric Hoggars
Hayes, Middlesex.

Cheggers can't be boozers

I thought the letter about Keith Chegwin (Letterbocks, issue 72) was a cheap jibe considering what he has been through. Your treatment of alcoholism as some sort of joke is a sign of your own immaturity and lack of understanding.

Ray Laidlaw
Newcastle

I'm sick to death of hearing old soldiers complaining about conditions working on the Burma to Siam Railway. They should try working for British Rail, taking home a poxy £146 a week, having to listen to middle class twats moaning because their train is a couple of hours late, and wearing an ill fitting clowns uniform all day with absolutely no chance of getting a tan.

Yours in disgust.
Ian Short
Watford

LETTERBOCKS

continued





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LetterBoys

continued

French letter

I am studying Slang and Vulgarities of the English Language, at Caen University, and the Viz is a very important part of my research. However is there any possibility that we could get the words in the comic strips made larger? My dad and I are having a job reading some of them, even with glasses. Finally, to help with some of my research, is there any of your readers who could send me a copy of any "Mack Lads" tapes? I will gladly reimburse the senders.

Peirre Francois Jenkins
Livry, Normandie

* If anyone believes him, and wants to send Monsieur Jenkins some Macc Lads tapes, his address is Le Moulin de Parfouru, Livry 14240, Normandie, France.

On 'Mastermind', the elitist TV quiz show, Magnus Magnusson is often interrupted by the contestants time-out buzzer, to which he responds "I've started so I'll finish". Surely the clever bastards who run the programme could simply wait until he's finished the question before operating their buzzer.

M. Harwood
Eccleshill, Bradford

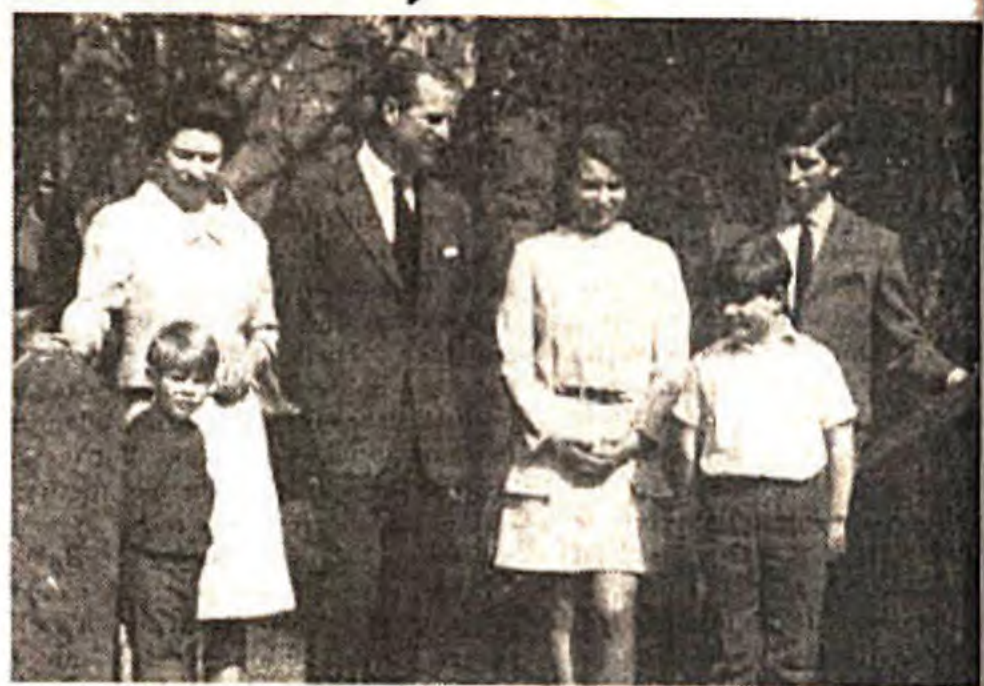
* Yes Mr Harwood. And isn't it a bizarre coincidence that in the twenty five years that the show has been running, not once has a contestant's answer been interrupted by the buzzer.



Magnus - brainy

With so much controversy surrounding recent "A" level results and the question of whether exams are getting easier, surely the so-called "experts" who administer the exams should simply set the same questions each year, thus ensuring that the standard remains constant.

J. White
Wolverhampton



What a talented group of people the Royal Family are. Of the six immediate members, no less than three have represented their country at various sports. Prince Charles plays polo, Princess Anne is an accomplished show

jumper, and the Duke of Edinburgh a coach driver. And if drinking gin or choking on fish bones ever become Olympic sports, there's another couple of gold medals in it for us.

Mr F. Prunes
Syrup

It wasn't us either!

Our offer of free prison pardons to any one who asks for one has now been taken up by over 300 cons cooped in every corner of the British judicial system. Here's the latest list of lags whose pardons are in the post. We will continue to send out pardons to anyone who writes to us on official prison notepaper until such time as we run out of them.



Wayne Chilcott, Gloucester. Simon Dando, Onley. Phil Stephenson, Wealstun. D McQueen, Hatfield. Martin Harvey, Pentonville. Bill Burton, Philippines. Dave Green, Stafford. Ryan Bailey, Saffron Road. Louis Jardine, Pentonville. Shawn Smith, Western Heights. Roddy McHugh, Risley. Steven Boom, Chelmsford. Mark Corti, Wayland. Dave Ingham, Hornby Road. Eddie Proctor, Buckley Hall. Bishop, Norwich. Rob Buchanan, Ford. Sean Holland, Kirkham. Barb Trenholm, Holloway. Carl Robinson, The Mount. Justin Wright, Lewes. John Evans, Dorchester. M Lawless, Lindholme. K Hughes, Isle of Man. Dave A Edwards, Hornby Road. Gary Bostock, Buckley Hall. Brian Baker, Hollesley Bay Colony. Keith Brown, Belfast. Stuart Kirk, Belfast. Billy Anderson, Belfast. Mark Jennings, Perry Road. M Heaton, Hornby Road. A R Tallett, Winson Green Road. M Cossington, Knox Road. Lee Thompson, Highdown. Jamie Wilkinson, Polmont Brightons. S Menagh, Risley. Martyn Stoakes-Powell, Cambridge Road. Dewaine, Cambridge Road. V J Alexander, Holloway. P Rosser, Dorchester. William Stewart, Glenochil Tullibody. Currie, Featherstone. Harry Hatfield, Everthorpe. Mark Stephens, Dorchester. Dyer, Welford Road. D K Crusoe, Hornby Road. Patrick Gallagher, Coldingley. Phil Mills, Coldingley. Alan Brown, Pentonville. John Hare, Millers Park. Mark Thorp, Ranby. J A Loughlin, Belfast. D M Neylon, Hindley. John Dalgarno, Morton Hall. Paul Broadley, Morton Hall. Gerry Nolan, Morton Hall. Chris Neve, Everthorpe. Wayne Walls, Everthorpe. Brisk-

ham, Bullingdon. Allsopp, Bullingdon. Michael Fox-Smith, Sudbury. Nicola Henneveld, Drake Hall. McDougall, Bedford Road. Nobby Hatfield. James, Romsey Road. Andie Copson, Hornby Road. Kilpatrick, Canterbury. Andre Berriman, Holme House. Jason Darrall, Brinsford. Holness, Woodhill Road. Raymond Norris, Woodhill. Tony Quinn, Highdown. Robert Petch, Wormwood Scrubs. S Morris, Woodhill. Wayne Brown, Sudbury. Brian Baker, Hollesley Bay Colony. V Munday, Ford. J Wilks, Wealstun. Coombe, Highdown. Simon Hughes, Risley. Mark Geake, Glen Parva. Gould, Ashwell. Steph Allan, Barlinnie. Nick Buckley, The Dana. Freeman, Full Sutton. Mar Rowland, Feltham. Ian Leon-ard, Northallerton. Gregory Hill, Brinsford. L G Harwood, Stafford. Clay, Hornby Road. Kent, Hedon Road. Terry Burns, Hollesley Bay Colony. Woods, The Mount. Browne, S. Loyes. D Gow, Perth. Kevin Logie, Perth. James Campbell, Glenochil Tullibody. Gray, Glen Parva. Chaplin, Glen Parva. Russell George, Canterbury. Kemp, Deerbolt. Mc Cool, Ashwell. Andy Rees, Haverigg. Hargreaves, The Dana. Craig Hilton, Buckley Hall. A Roberts, Welford Road. Smith, Lancaster Farms. Martin Brown, Everthorpe. John Heaton, The Castle. Mark Pantry, Everthorpe. Philip Doran, Belfast. Allan Padkin, Perth.

No smoke and we're fired

People say that smoke free workplaces are healthier and more productive. Nonsense. My boss banned smoking at work, and within a week everybody had been laid off, as we worked in a kipper factory.

L. Curd Craster



Top tip

I live in Basingstoke and we have a first rate civic amenity site for the disposal of domestic refuse, see photo above. Do any other readers have 'top tips' in their area?

Mr T. Carr-Nationmilk Basingstoke

** Send us a picture of your local refuse disposal site. There's a copy of our new Top Tips 2 book for the first 50 photos we receive, and fifty quid in cash for the top tip.*

Could all your readers send in a pound so that Tahiti can purchase a nuclear bomb of their own. They can then test it off the south of France. See how the fucking frogs like it.

Rich, Matt, Paul, Ian Plymouth

Considering how long it took them to get the hang of the 'new' decimal currency, our OAP's seem to have got their heads round the National Lottery pretty quickly. As a result every week it now takes me an extra fifteen minutes to get served in my local supermarket, while armies of diddering crinklies clog up the check-outs buying nothing but bastard Lottery tickets.

C. Atkinson Workington

As you have seen from the last couple of years royalty statements we are not really making much money out of mail order from the page of merchandising in the magazine. It also takes up a fair bit of your time and a fair bit of ours. So why don't we drop it and replace it with a page of advertising? What do you think?

John Brown Fulham, SW6

** Good idea John. Unfortunately therefore after a record breaking 55 consecutive appearances the advertisement on page 50 of this issue will be your last opportunity to choose from a wide range of Viz T shirts, mugs, books and videos available direct from the comic. Don't miss out on this historic opportunity to become a part of history by ordering a T shirt today from the last ever Viz merchandise page.*

Regarding my letter (Letterbocks, this issue) about Keith Chegwin. I never said that. I just wrote the headline.

Ray Laidlaw Newcastle

Burn the witches

** Thanks to everyone who nominated celebrities in our issue 73 witch hunt. The winner by a long broom was Carol Vorderman, who came top of our witches bonfire with a total of 2 votes.*

"She claims to see into the future on Tomorrow's World", pointed out Bobby Collins of Airdrie, adding "Burn the witch". Miss C. Pool of Leigh agreed, suggesting that "her clever tricks are the Devil's work". Other nominees receiving one vote each were Floella Benjamin, Lorraine Kelly, Muriel Grey, Sharon Stone, Claudia Schiffer, Madonna, Cilla Black (who changed her name from White), Anthea Turner, Gloria Hunniford and Anna Nicole-Smith.

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Credit card orders can be made on our telephone hotline (01373) 451 777. (We regret this facility is not available to people with beige trimphones). Extra copies of each issue (sent to the same address) cost an additional £6.00 (UK) and £7.00 (Overseas). Please quote S403 when phoning orders through.

Australian Subscriptions

So what if your grandad stole a loaf of bread. We've forgiven you and just to prove it, here's a great subscription offer for you our friends in the colonies. The price for 6 issues is only \$21.00 plus a FREE back issue if you subscribe now!

Please send to: Viz Subscriptions, 5 Eureka Court, 9 Palm Avenue, Bribie Island, QLD 4507, Australia. Please make cheques payable to Fortean Times.

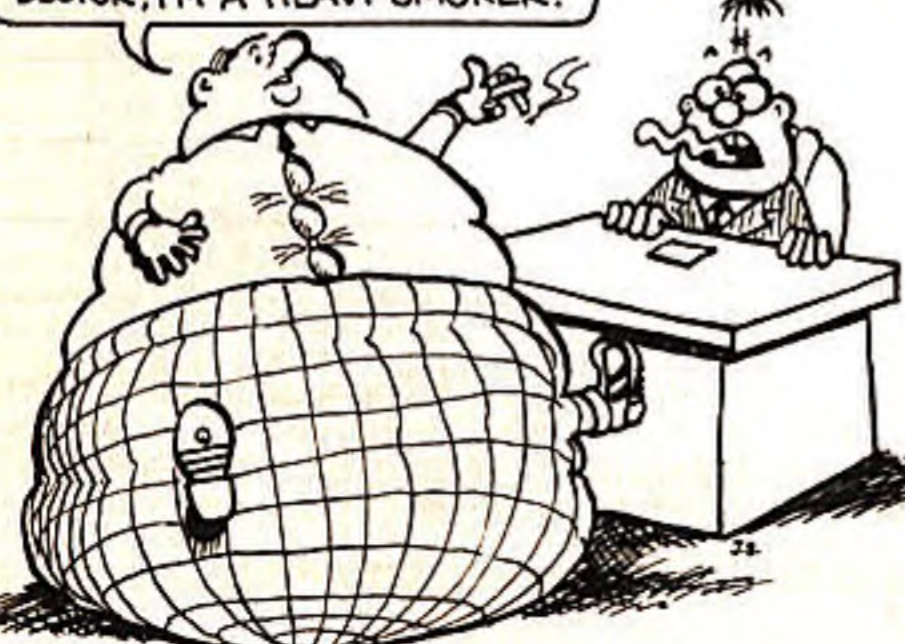
☐ Please tick if you would prefer not to receive occasional mailings of interest to Viz readers.

A WORD FROM YOUR LOCAL NEWSAGENT

Hello. I'm your local newsagent. If you're thinking of subscribing to Viz, please think twice before sending them your money. If you subscribe, I lose your business, and I have a family and a mortgage to worry about. I'll end up having to stock horrible bargain brand packets of biscuits, and devote even more of my shop space to racks and racks of greeting cards which cost fuck all to print, but sell for £1.50, most of which goes straight into my pocket. **S403**

TOP TIPS ARE ON THE NEXT PAGE

DOCTOR, I'M A HEAVY SMOKER.



TOP TIPS

Top Tip

SHAPE rusty iron filings into dog turds. When flies eat it they will be too heavy to take off and can be easily caught with a magnet.

Paul Kelly
Wimbledon

BLINK alternately with one eye, and then the other, whilst watching TV soaps. This way you'll never miss a second. If you add it all up you probably miss up to an hour of your favourite programmes each year due to normal blinking.

J. Pears
Wimbledon

THE LID from a sardine tin, with the key removed, makes an ideal quiff for a small robot.

I. Ink
Bootle

Send your Top Tips to our Letterbooks address. For each one we publish we'll give you a Top Tips pen, plus £5 cash for you to spend on trinkets and firewater

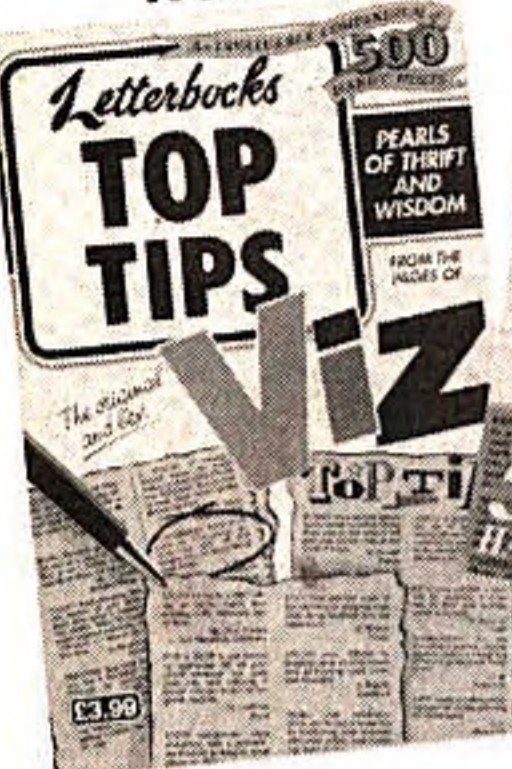
ALWAYS put 'pay and display' parking tickets upside down and in the centre of your windscreen in the hope that the parking warden will crick his neck trying to read it.

S. Lyall
Dundee

MAKE a kaleidoscope for kids by stretching cling film over the end of a toilet roll tube and dropping a few pieces of broken coloured glass inside. Remember to tell your kids to always point it downwards when looking in the open end.

Mr A. Gemmill
Nottingham

ON SALE
NOW



ON SALE
OCTOBER

KEEP old Lottery tickets until Christmas. Cut into strips they make 'instant' paper chains for decorating your room with, and a useful reminder of how much money you've blown throughout the year.

Steven Wood
Nottingham

LIGHTHOUSE keepers. Amuse ships captains by painting your lighthouse pink and the top purple, then standing on the top, getting the foghorn to go "Ugh! Ugh!" while you throw buckets of wall-paper paste up in the air.

Ian Finlay
Jedburgh

EAT whilst watching TV without having to take your eyes off the screen for a second. Simply cover your plate with tin foil and wire it up to your fork with a battery and bell. If the fork touches an area of plate with no food on it, the bell will sound and you can simply try again.

Dave Simpson
Tring

A SHEET of thick plywood cut into small cubes makes ideal 'Liquorice Allsorts' for sweet toothed woodpeckers or wood worms.

K. Warton
Stamford

AVOID being murdered, raped, held hostage in a siege, poisoned, stabbed to death and buried under a patio, blown up by religious extremists, falling victim to a fatal mystery virus, embroiled in a drug war, burgled, falsely imprisoned, blackmailed and probably murdered again by simply not moving to one of the seven houses in Brookside Close.

P. Redmond
Liverpool

TRAMPS. Stand with a paper cup next to the nearest bottle bank. Ask everyone to pour any remaining drops from their bottles into your cup. Within a few minutes you will have a free cup full of alcoholic punch.

Mr T. Tart
Sainsburys

EAT soup whilst watching TV by wiring up a simple lighting circuit, with two terminals in your bowl. When both are exposed to air and the plate is empty, the circuit brakes and a light above the TV will go off. Wear rubber gloves for extra safety whilst eating.

Dave Simpson
Tring

OLD LADIES. Worried some poor sod who's late for his bus is going to get past you on the pavement? Simply wander aimlessly from left to right. That will stop them.

Mark Giddings
Bristol

A GLASS full of Marmite, topped with shaving foam, makes a quite convincing pint of Guinness, and has the advantage of tasting nicer.

Barry Carlisle
Froam

SHOE segs make ideal 'fridge magnets' for use on wooden cupboards etc.

D. B.
Harwich

SKIN a tomato by simply eating it. Hey presto! The next day you are left with just the skin in the toilet pan.

John Tait
Thropton

Back Issues

As the evenings draw in what better way to while away the long dark evenings than to sit by a warm fire, sipping cheap lager and reading old toilet jokes. So pull up a chair, break open a can of Federation Ace and Autumn leaf through some golden moments from past issues.



BACK ISSUE ORDER FORM

All back issues are priced £1.40, despite the fact that most of them were originally less than that. If you think that's a bit steep, you should have bought them when they first came out, shouldn't you. Please circle the issues you require:

39 40 51 53 54 56 57 59
60 61 62 63 64 65 70 72

As well as a quid frigging forty per comic you'll also have to cough up postage. Add ten bob if you're ordering 1 comic, £1 if you're ordering 2,3,4 or 5 comics, and £1.50 if you're ordering 6 or more. If you think that's steep, wait till you read the next bit.

Overseas orders: After you've added the postage, add 20% of the total (your shoe size in pounds, whichever is the greater) and pay in STERLING with a cheque drawn on a UK bank.

Tick, delete, use block capitals etc. etc. etc.

☐ I enclose a cheque/postal order payable to John Brown Publishing Ltd., or:

☐ I'm with the bank of Never Never Land. Please debit my plastic.

Card No. _____

Expiry Date (the card, not you) _____ Card Type _____

Your name and address _____

Post Code _____

Post this order form to: Viz Orders, 20 Paul Street, Frome, Somerset BA11 1DX. For telephone credit card orders and enquiries call (01373) 451 777. (Make a note of the number before you cut out the form). Please allow up to 28 days for delivery.

IT'S...
POSTMAN PLOD
HE'S A MISERABLE BASTARD

7:00 A.M.

KIDNEY MACHINE
SPARE PARTS
U.S.A. Ltd.

HOT DANG!
THIS LI'L OLE PACKAGE HAS TO BE IN
FULCHESTER, BRITAIN, ENGLANDSHIRE
IN TEN HOURS TIME, MISS KAZNAJSKI!

YES SIR, MR.
EDEL III
JUNIOR

PARCEL
DEPART

7:02 A.M.

VROOOM!

ROUTE
66

7:04 A.M.

BOOM!

10:30 A.M.

**DIDDY DUM!
DIDDY DEE!
DIDDY DUM!
DIDDY DEE!
DIDDY DUM!
DIDDY DEE!**

5:00 P.M.

ROYAL MAIL
FULCHESTER
SORTING OFFICE

PUFF!
PANT!

PUFF!
PANT!

BEHIND
OF
FOULITY
FLIPS

PUFF! PANT!... URGENT DELIVERY, PLOD... PUFF! PANT!
...FOR THE HOSPITAL... PUFF! PANT!

HMM!

URGENT, PLOD...
VERY URGENT

HMM!

DRING! DRING!
DRING! DRING!

...TWO DOWN... FELINE PET... HMM!...
C, SOMETHING T... C, SOMETHING, T...

TWELVE HOURS LATER...

C, SOMETHING, T, FELINE...
ER... AH! CAT!... C. A. T!

THERE!
FINISHED!

DRING!
DRING!

EH? WHERE THE FUCK DID
THAT COME FROM?

DRING! DRING!
DRING! DRING!

AW, FUCK! I'M NOT GON' ALL
THE WAY 'T' THE HOSPITAL...
LET'S SEE...

NOT KNOWN... AT... THIS
ADDRESS... RETURN... TO...
SENDER

DRING!
DRING!

...JESUS! I'M NOT GON'
ALL THE FUCKIN' WAY
OVER THERE, EITHER

RETURN
TO
SENDER

...SOD THAT

DRING! DRING!

OY, PLOD... JUST HAD A BLOKE ON
THE PHONE... HE WAS EXPECTIN'
A FANCY WATCH 'T' BE DELIVERED
THIS MORNIN'... SAYS IT NEVER
ARRIVED, YOU HAVEN'T SEEN IT
HAVE YOU... IT WAS CLEARLY
LABELLED?

ER...
NO...

DRING! DRING!
DRING! DRING!

...MIND YOU, I'VE ONLY BEEN
ON SINCE... EIGHT, IT MUST'VE
GONE MISSIN' BEFORE I GOT
'ERE

DRING! DRING!

SHORTLY...

HELLO MR PLOD... TEA AND
EGGLES CAKE AS USUAL?

YES PLEASE, MAUDE... OLD ON,
I'LL JUST GET THE 'PHONE

DRING! DRING!
DRING! DRING!

DRING! DRING!
CLICK!

THERE WE ARE, THAT'LL BE
SIXTY PEE, PLEASE

OLD ON - I'LL JUST GET
SOME MONEY

HERE WE GO, BRIGHT YELLOW ENVELOPE,
TEDDY BEAR WITH A BALLOON ON THE
FRONT... LET'S SEE...

CHINK!
CHINK!
CHINK!

...BINGO!

THAT'S YOU, KEEP THE CHANGE

OOH, THANK YOU,
MR. PLOD

LATER... WHAT'S UP, PLOD?!

OOH... JESUS... I'M BUSTIN'
FORRA SHIT. I CAN'T...
HOLD IT MUCH LONGER

EH? WHY DON'T YOU GO AN' HAVE
ONE THEN?

I CAN'T... I'M ON ME
TEA BREAK

TEN MINUTES LATER...

DRINGING!

OKAY...
TEA BREAK
OVER, LADS...

...BACK
TO WORK

THANK FUCK
FOR THAT... I'M
TOUGHIN' CLOTH

I'LL JUST GRAB A BIT OF LIGHT READING

TOILET

HALF AN HOUR LATER...

TSK! TSK! THE ART OF LETTER
WRITING'S DEAD, IT IS... HMM
HOLIDAY SNAPS... LET'S HAVE
A LOOK

PHWOAR!!! SHE'S GOT NICE TITS,
GAW BLIMEY, LOOK AT THE SIZE
OF EM. JESUS... JELLY ON A PLATE

I'LL KEEP
THIS ONE
FOR ME
COLLECTION

AH, WELL... BACK TO WORK
I SUPPOSE... NO REST FOR
THE WICKED

AW... RAT'S
COCKS...

...THERE'S NO
FUCKIN' BOG
ROLL...

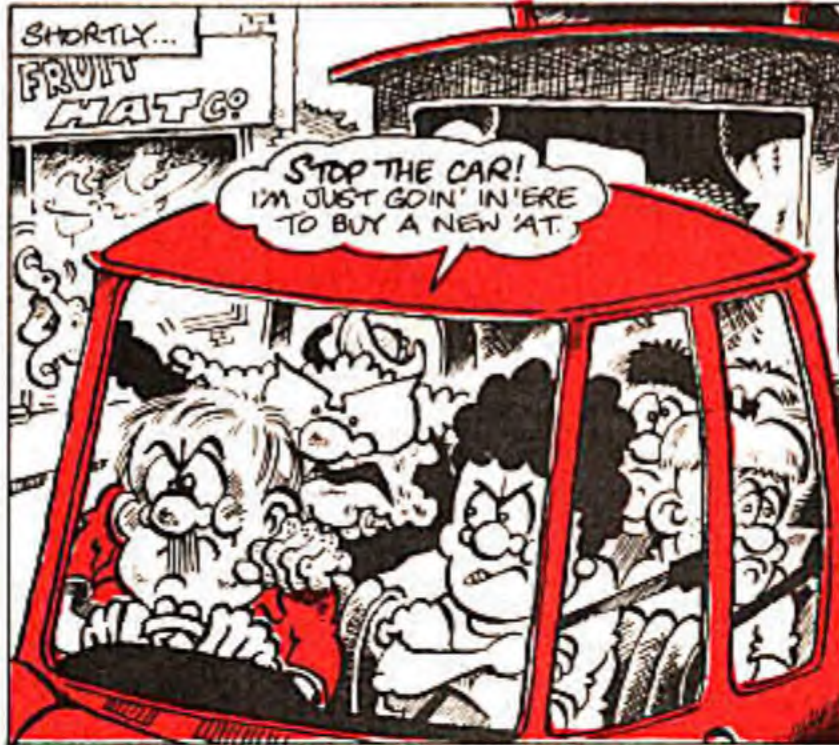
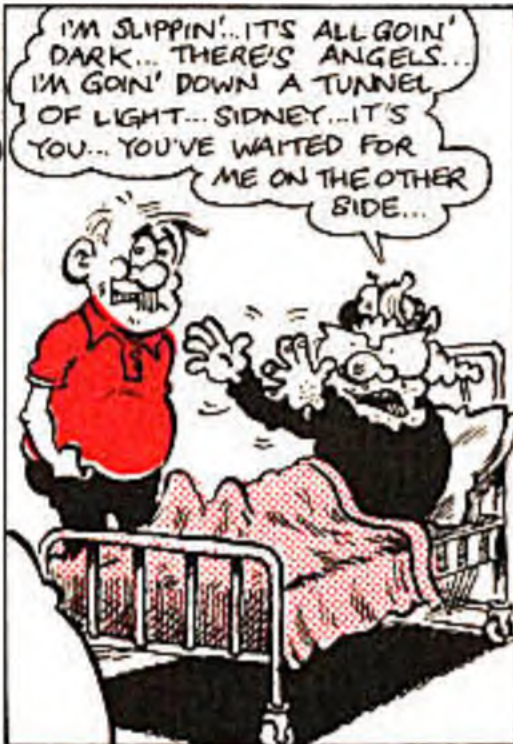
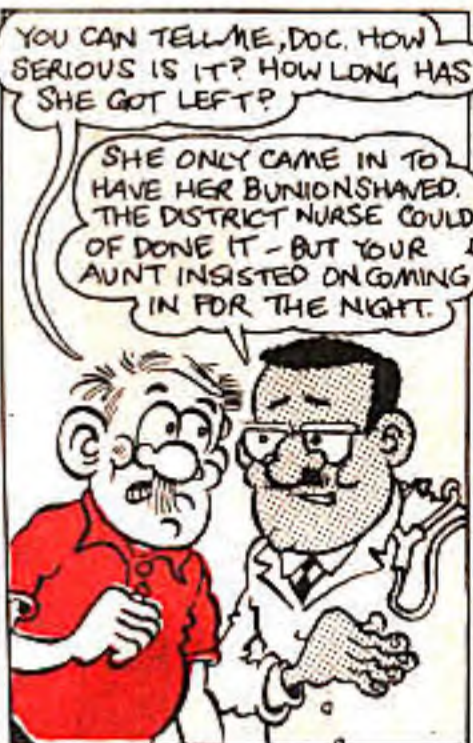
THE NEXT DAY...

AH, LOVELY... A LETTER FROM MY
SISTER, POLLY... I RECOGNISE THE
HANDWRITING...

...OH... IT APPEARS TO HAVE
BEEN OPENED

SHUFFLE!
SHUFFLE!
SHUFFLE!

SHUFFLE!
SHUFFLE!
SHUFFLE!



The phenomenal success of the National Lottery has caused dilemmas for both winners and losers. So here's the first in a series of five 'INSTANT' mini photo stories to help guide you through that moral maze.

GIVE & TAKE

I'LL HAVE ONE INSTANT LOTTERY SCRATCH CARD PLEASE

YES! I'VE WON!

CONGRATULATIONS. HERE'S YOUR MILLION POUNDS!

GREAT!

COR! A MILLION POUNDS. NOW TO SPEND IT ON FERRARIS AND A HELICOPTER!

BUT WAIT A MINUTE. I DON'T DESERVE ALL THIS MONEY? I ALREADY HAVE MY HEALTH AND HAPPINESS. THERE ARE OTHERS IN FAR GREATER NEED THAN I

HERE! I HAVE NO NEED FOR THIS MONEY. I WANT TO DONATE IT ALL TO THE CRIPPLES. PUT IT IN YOUR CHARITY BOX.

THERE! I FEEL MUCH BETTER NOW. OR DO I? I WONDER IF I'VE DONE THE RIGHT THING.

OH NO! A CAR!

CRASH!

BAD NEWS! I'M AFRAID YOU'RE CRIPPLED FOR LIFE.

SO, GOOD NEWS! AS A CRIPPLE YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK!

HEH! HEH! NOW TO BUY THOSE FERRARIS AND A HELICOPTER!

THE END

The Moral of the Story:
Reap and you shall sow.

JOHNNY FATPANTS

YAROO!

HONK!

THERE'S STILL A COMOTION GOING ON IN HIS TROUSERS

WHAHEY! I LOVE HALLOWEEN, ME. IT'S THE ONE CHANCE IN A YEAR THAT US SMALL BOYS GET TO DEMAND MONEY WITH MENACES FROM LITTLE OLD LADIES!

DING! DONG!

TRICK OR TREAT?!

C'MON GRANNY, WE'VE GOT JOHNNY WITH US. HAND OVER THE SWEETS.

OH, DON'T WORRY. I WAS EXPECTING YOU.

THERE, SWEETS ALL AROUND AND... A TIN OF "CHIP-SHOP STYLE" MUSHY PEAS WHICH I FOUND WHEN WE PULLED DOWN THE OLD AIR-RAID SHELTER.

TOP NOTCH! THE PUMPS ARE ON ME!

20

KNOCK! KNOCK!

WHOOOOOH!

POSS OFF! OR I'LL HAVE THE POLICE ON YOU. I'M NOT SCARED OF YOUR TYPE!

MISERABLE OLD SOD!

I'LL TEACH THE OLD MISER! I CAN FEEL THE PEAS COOKING UP A SLOW BUT STEADY SUPPLY OF POTENTIALLY LETHAL SULPHUR FART-GAS!

GULP! GULP!

20

SBD

HISSSSSSSS!

TEE-HEE!

TEE-HEE! SILENCE MAKES THE FART GROW LONGER!

20 MINUTES LATER...

RIGHT JOHNNY, YOU'VE REACHED THE PICTURE RAIL ON THE SECOND FLOOR!

NO!! I'M GOING TO FILL THE ATTIC, TOO!

HISSSSSS!

DON'T BE A FOOL JOHNNY! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF YOU GO THAT FAR... IT'S NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE!

5 MINUTES LATER...

OKAY JOHNNY!... YOU'D BEST STOP NOW!

UH-OH! LOOK! THE MORTAR IS STARTING TO CRACK!

DEAD.

LET'S TRY NEXT DOOR.

HOY! WE ARE TRICK-OR-TREATING THIS STREET... NOW PUSH OFF!

YIKES!

IT'S BASHYER BLOGGS AND HIS GANG!

SHORTLY... **HAH! HAH! THANKS FOR THE SWEETS! HO! HO! YOU LOT COULDN'T SCARE ANYONE!**

SO... HEY, JOHNNY! THIS IS NO TIME FOR ORAGAMI LESSONS! WE SHOULD BE PLANNING REVENGE ON THOSE BULLIES!

SNIP! SNIP!

DON'T WORRY... ALL WILL BE REVEALED!

WINK!

SNIP! SNIP!

SHORTLY... **RIGHT!**

HERE THEY COME NOW, JOHNNY!

HAUL OF STOLEN SWEETS.

GNNN!

PARP!

GET OUT!

WAAAAAH!

BUMP!

WHOOOOOOO

HA! HA! HO! HO! HEE! HEE!

SO... THAT PUT THE 'WIND' UP THEM!

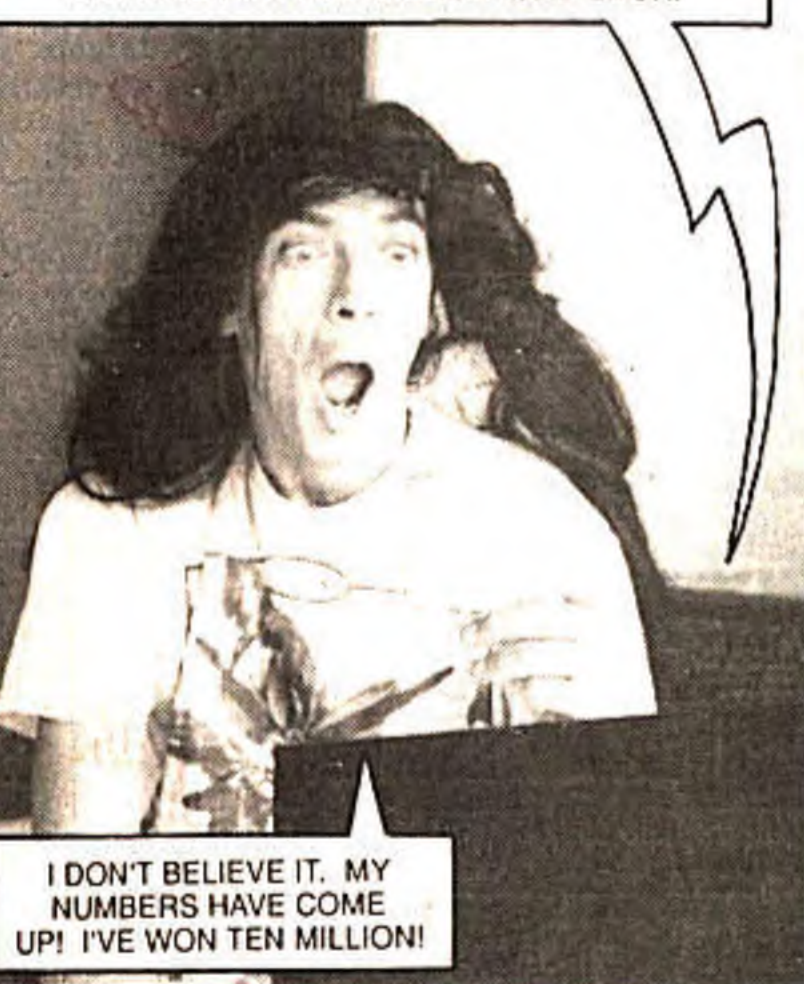
HOORAY FOR JOHNNY AND HIS THINGS THAT GO 'PUMP' IN THE NIGHT!

ERM... YOU TARZAN ME-THANE!

QUACK!

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

THOSE ARE THE WINNING NUMBERS, AND THE NEWS IS THAT THERE ARE TWO WINNERS WHO SHARE THIS WEEK'S £20 MILLION JACKPOT, COPPING FOR TEN MILLION QUID EACH.



I DON'T BELIEVE IT. MY NUMBERS HAVE COME UP! I'VE WON TEN MILLION!

Gary collected his cash and made straight for the pub.



HEH! HEH! HEH! I'VE JUST WON TEN MILLION QUID! THE DRINKS ARE ON ME!

At closing time...



FUCK ME I'M PISSED. BURP!!! LET'S SEE HOW MUCH I'VE GOT LEFT.

OOH SHIT! IT'S GONE. THE WHOLE LOT. I'VE PISSED TEN MILLION QUID UP THE WALL IN ONE AFTERNOON SESSION.



I FEEL SO GUILTY.



I WON THE LOTTERY, THEN BLEW THE LOT, AND I NEVER EVEN BOUGHT THE WIFE A COAT OR ANYTHING. HOW AM I GOING TO TELL HER?

...AND BEFORE I KNEW IT I'D DRANK THE LOT.



I WAS SO SELFISH. HOW CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME?

DON'T WORRY LOVE. LOOK! I'VE GOT TEN MILLION QUID HERE!

BUT... HOW?



THERE WERE TWO WINNERS THIS WEEK. AND THE OTHER ONE WAS ME!! I WON TEN MILLION QUID AS WELL.

HEY! BRILLIANT!



AND WE WON'T WASTE A PENNY OF THIS TEN MILLION!

COME ON. LET'S GO OUT AND BUY SOME FERRARIS AND A HELICOPTER!

THE END



The Moral of the Story:
Honesty pays. And waste not, want not.

Stars do Top Tips too!

Spot the top celebrity tips and win fifty Top Tips Twos

We're giving away 50 copies of our new book **Viz Top Tips Two** to the winners of this celebrity 'Top Tips' competition, featuring handy hints from the rich and famous, and a top tip about tits too.

We've based the following questions on some top tips written by the rich and famous. Simply answer each question a, b or c, then send your answers on a post card to our usual address. The first fifty correct entries, or fifty drawn at random if no one gets them all right, will receive a copy of our new book **Viz Top Tips Two**.

For every competition entry we receive (up to a maximum of 500) we'll donate £1 to the Katherine House Hospice in Banbury, in aid of which the celebrity top tips book 'Super-hints' was published in 1991, and from which these questions have been purloined.

1. How does Johnny Morris suggest you achieve a longer, happier life?



- (a) By talking to animals
- (b) By moving to Germany
- (c) By keeping a kitten

2. When top violinist Sir Yehudi Menuhin can't be bothered to cook a meal, what does he do instead?

COMPETITION WINNERS from ISSUE 73

Pop Pop: Winner: Stephen Bradshaw, St. Helens.

Wotsits: Winner: Mr P Finch, Chelmsford.

Strange Mysteries: Winners: Gail Bower, Stannington, Sheffield; N Worthington, Macclesfield, Cheshire; E Edgington, Wrexham, North Wales. Runners Up: Craig Carl Jackson, Fenham, Newcastle; Alison Knight, Peartree, Derby; Ian Bennallick, Bodmin, Cornwall.

Sayle & Otway: Winner: Paul Harley, Catford, London.

If you are a past or present winner don't worry if your prize has not yet arrived. Susan, our Prize Co-ordinator, will be in touch once she's wrestled your prizes out of the tight bastards.

- (a) He goes to McDonalds
- (b) He has a pizza delivered
- (c) He has a banana



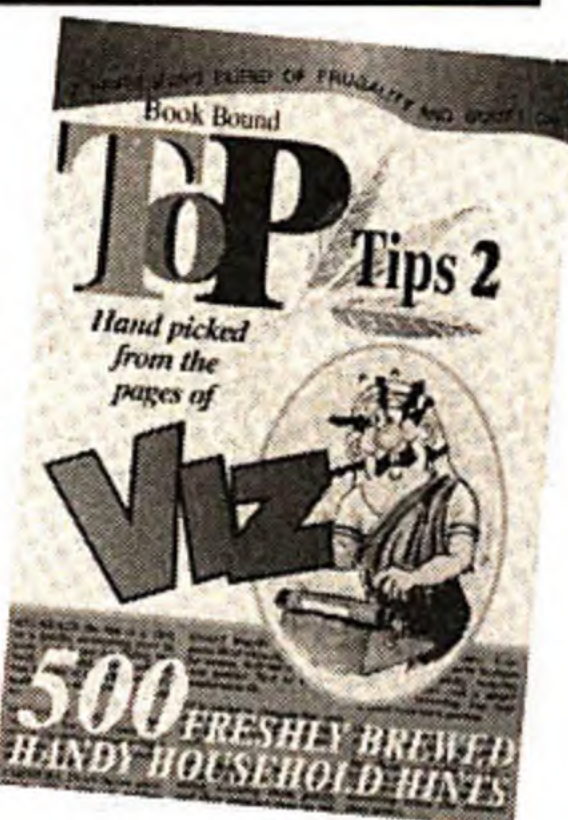
3. How does Jilly Cooper stop her tits from sagging?



- (a) She soaks them in vinegar and sleeps in an oven
- (b) She sprinkles them with cold water every day
- (c) She dusts her bra with self raising flower

4. How does Sir Terence Conran dispose of his old wine bottles?

- (a) He breaks them up, and glues the pieces of glass along the top of his garden wall.



- (b) He breaks them up, then buries the glass in his vegetable patch, underneath his asparagus.
- (c) He gets up early and slips them in his next door neighbour's rubbish bin.

5. How does actor Terence Stamp preheat his teapot before making tea?

- (a) He fills it with boiling water and counts to thirty.
- (b) He balances it on the spout of the boiling kettle.
- (c) He puts it in the microwave oven.

6. How long does Ronnie Corbett leave his eggs in the saucepan after switching off the gas in order to achieve the perfect boiled egg?

- (a) Two minutes
- (b) Six minutes
- (c) Ten minutes



7. What does Anthony Hopkins' missus use to clean her shower head?

- (a) Fairy Liquid
- (b) Vinegar
- (c) Lemon juice

8. What did the late Sir Michael Horden use to clean his shoes?

- (a) A potato
- (b) A slice of bread
- (c) A strip of raw bacon and a cork

Curry hell!

Abdul Latif, the Lord of Harpole and entrepreneurial proprietor of Newcastle's hottest restaurant, the Rupali, recently laid down a challenge to Tyneside's curry eaters. On Sept. 1st he challenged all comers to try and finish a plate of 'Curry Hell', the hottest dish known to man.



Rupali Restaurant

Anyone able to finish the dish won £200's worth of free meals at the Rupali, and for every contestant who tried and failed Lord Harpole donated £1 from the £6.70 price of their deadly dish to the Susan Channon Breast Cancer appeal fund.

Lord Harpole has decided to open up his Curry Hell Challenge to any hungry Viz readers in search of a free meal and not too bothered about farting flames for a fortnight or so afterwards. Simply visit the Rupali at No. 6 Bigg Market carrying a copy of Viz and you will be given a plate of 'Curry Hell'

free of charge (normal price £6.70). If you finish it all, you will receive an original piece of Viz cartoon artwork to mark the occasion. This offer applies from 1st October until 30th November 1995 only.

Incidentally, Lord Harpole mentions in his letter that he cannot accept responsibility for anyone dying as a result of attempting to eat 'Curry Hell'.

9. What does Dame Judi Dench clean her windows with?

- (a) The bath water
- (b) A clothes prop and a pillow
- (c) Yesterday's newspapers



10. Who stores their paint tins upside down to prevent skin from forming on the top of the paint?

- (a) Rolf Harris
- (b) Donald Sinden
- (c) Karl Howden

HOW TO ENTER

Entries on post cards to Viz, P.O.Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. Mark the card 'Issue 74' and state clearly the competition you are entering, plus your own name and address. Please use separate cards for separate competitions. Closing date for all competitions 17th November 1995. All winners will be notified by post.

PRIZES

We sincerely do want to hear from anyone with anything half decent to give away. Offer us a few prizes and hey presto! Your product can be plugged on this page. Fax us your offers to 0191 2819048.

NOBBY'S



COME ON NOBBY, LOVE. THE AMBULANCE IS HERE TO TAKE YOU TO THE HOSPITAL FOR YOUR OPERATION TO HAVE YOUR PILES SHRANK. JUST THINK - THE TIME TOMORROW, YOUR CHALFONTS WILL BE IN THE DUSTBIN AND YOUR NICK WILL BE AT PEACE.

AND NOT BEFORE TIME, THEY'RE HANGING VERY LOW AT THE MOMENT.

G'MORNING MR PILES. SORRY ABOUT THE WHEELCHAIR, BUT THE PRIVATE PATIENTS HAVE GOT ALL THE NEW ONES.

OOER...

I LIKE THESE COBBLED PATHS MR. P., I'M THINKING OF HAVING ONE MESELF.

G-AAAGH!!

NOW YOU GET IN THE BACK THERE, CHANGE INTO YOUR PATIENT'S GOWN - AND WE'LL BE AT THE HOSPITAL IN NO TIME.

TAKE IT EASY WILL YOU. I DON'T THINK MY RINGPIECE CAN TAKE ANY MORE PUNISHMENT.

DON'T WORRY. I KNOW A NICE SHORT-CUT.

SORRY 'BOUT THE LARGE NAIL-STICKING OUT THE SEAT. I'M GETTING IT FIXED THIS AFTERNOON.

SHORT CUT TO HOSPITAL VIA 4x4 OFF ROAD ADVENTURE TRACK

YOU ALRIGHT IN THE BACK, MR. PILES?

OW! OW! OW!!

1/2 AN HOUR LATER...

AW BUGGER IT. WE'VE GOT STUCK IN SOME FLINT CHIPPINGS.

YOU'LL HAVE TO GET OUT AND GIVE ME A PUSH.

SO...

OKAY - REV UP NOW!!

RIGHT YOU ARE MR. P!

VROOOOM

YAAAARGH!!! ME DIRTBOX!

WELL DONE MR. P. ... OOH - YOU SEEM TO OF TAKEN A LOT OF FLINTY SHRAPNEL UP YOUR BROWNEYE. LET'S GET YOU BACK INSIDE.

I'LL RUSH YOU TO HOSPITAL BEFORE ANY MORE DAMAGE IS DONE.

GROAN!

SHORTLY...

WAAAAA-AARGH!!

FULCHEST ROTAL INFIRMARY CAUTION SPEED RAMP MAXIMUM SP 2 MPH

COME ON MR. P. STEADY AS SHE GOES.

PILES ADMISSIONS

OOH JESUS

WAAAH!

CAUTION WET FLOOR

GAAAAH!!

COME ON MR PILES. I THINK YOU'LL BE SAFER ON HERE.

SLIP!

COOPS.

SHOVE!

TO THE STAFF SNOOKER ROOM

WHIZZ!

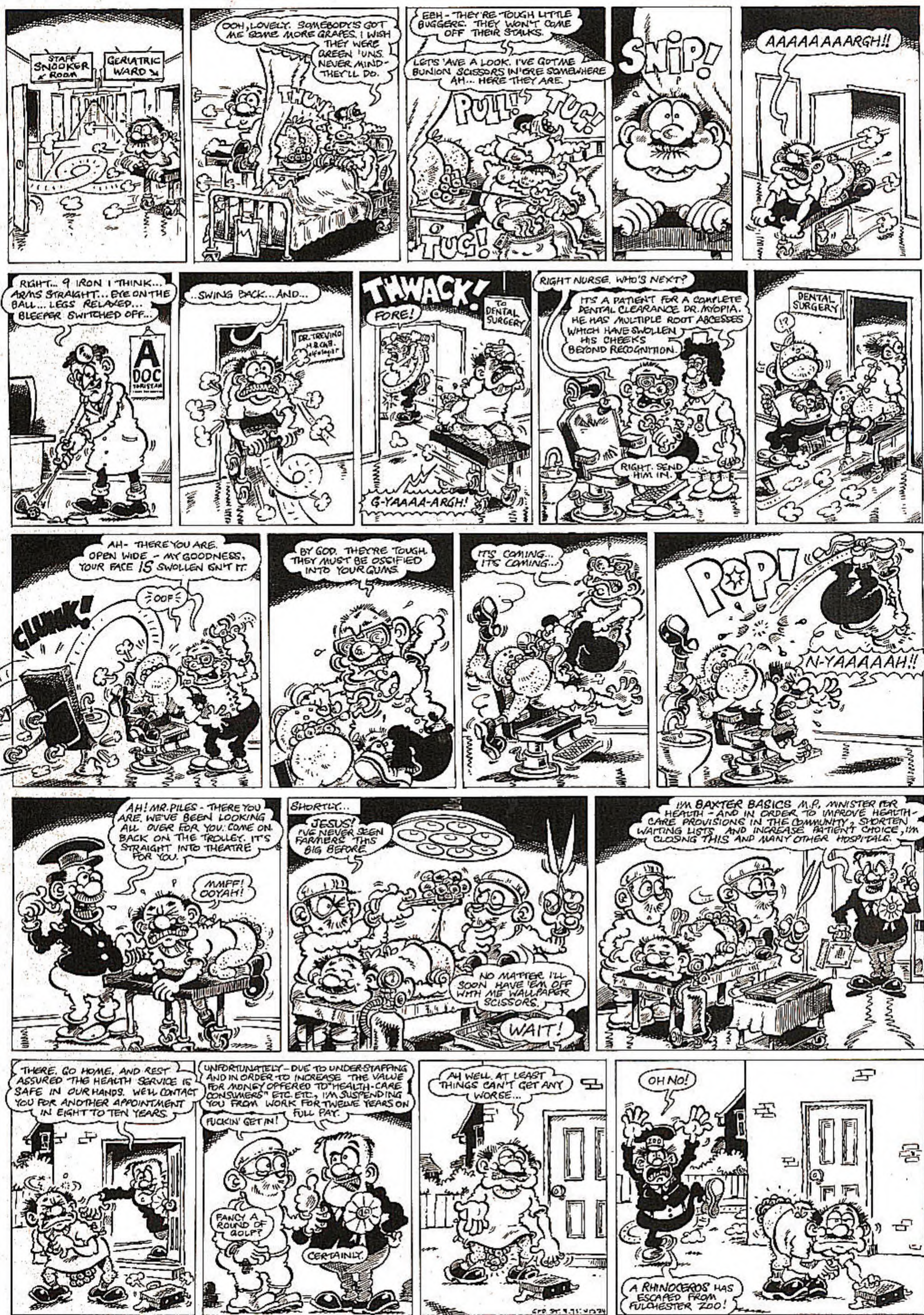
STAFF SNOOKER ROOM

JUST WATCH ME SPLIT THAT PACK OF REDS WIDE OPEN.

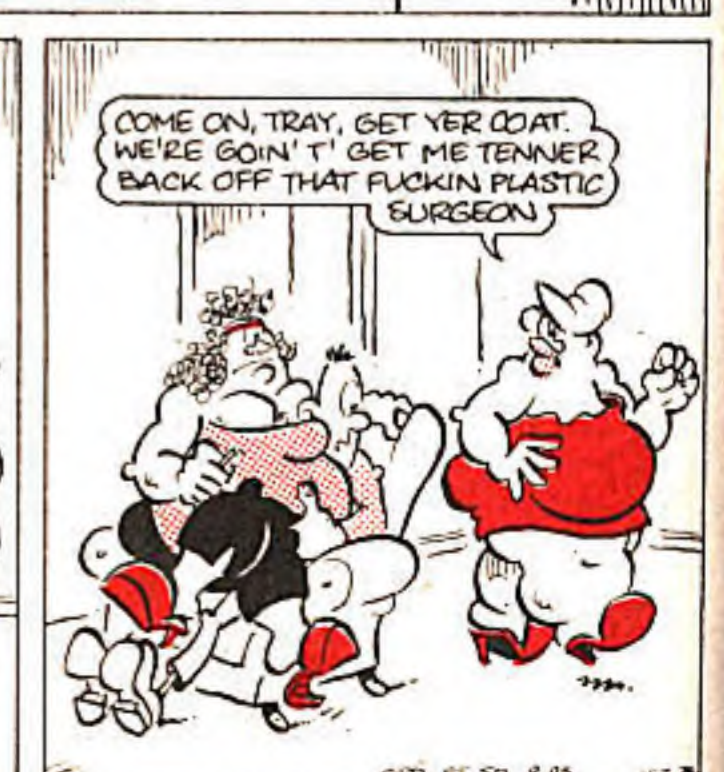
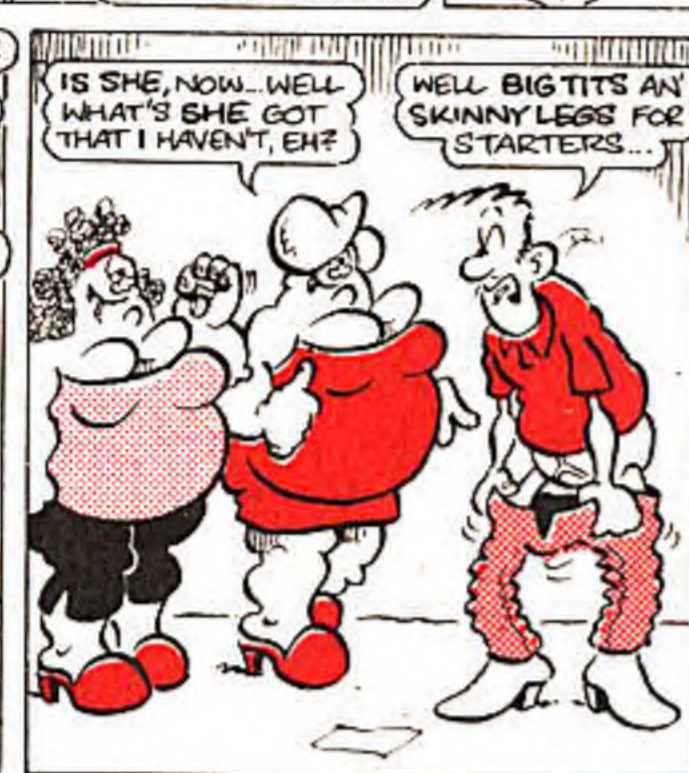
OH FUCK

THWACK!

CRACK!



OH, LORDY....IT'S THE FAT SLAGS





Fight with the stars in v CELEBRITY MO

We've all dreamt of picking a fight with a top celebrity. Having a few drinks then starting on our favourite star in a pub, restaurant or night club. Of course most of us never come across any stars in our local. And if we do we're either too pissed to land a punch on them, or there's a foot minder standing in the way. Well now that drunk

HOW TO PLAY

First make a space in the middle of the room in which to fight. Move all furniture out of the way, and put anything fragile in another room. Then all you need is a pair of scissors, a burst plastic football, some glue and several crates of extra strong cider.

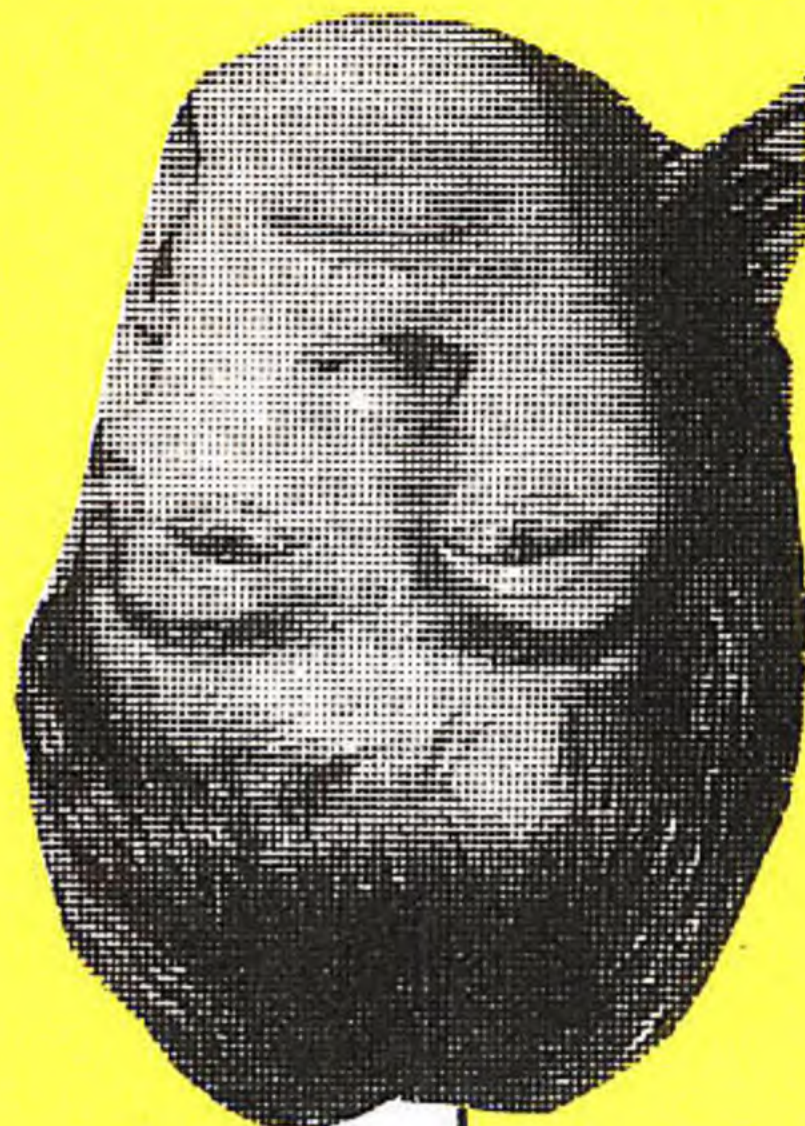
INSTRUCTIONS

Cut out and assemble the virtual reality Celebrity Mortal Combat head-set as shown. Be sure to read carefully the tactical hints for each celebrity which may help you win the fight. Then, with the head set in place, close your eyes and start drinking the cans of very strong cider. At first you will feel relaxed, then a bit merry, and then a little tired. Keep going. Eventually, after between 24 and 48 cans of extra strong cider, you'll be ready for a fight. At this point open your eyes.

Suddenly you'll enter a world of virtual reality. All around you will be six life-like celebrities, each one looking for a fight. The second you see them, start shouting obscenities, kicking and throwing punches. Hit them as hard as you like. Again and again and again. Wrestle them to the ground. Fight as cleanly, or as dirty as you like. Carry on fighting until you eventually fall over and are too tired to get up again.

The next morning when you wake up remove the virtual reality head-set, then go straight to the pub to tell your mates all about the fantastic fight you had the night before.

TAB



ERIC CANTONA

Look out for his lethal kung-fu kick and stamping while you're down.

TAB

LIAM out of OASIS

A crude street style brawler. Keeps his head down and goes mental.

OLIVIER RE

Traditional knuckle Dancer. Dangerous when he charges but



TAB



tual reality cider space!

MORTAL COMBAT

celebrity brawl can become a reality, thanks to new Cider Space Celebrity Mortal Combat. Now you can get as pissed as you like and take on half a dozen of the tastiest stars in town all at once thanks to the state of the art virtual reality Mortal Combat head-set. And you can do it all in the comfort of your own sitting room.

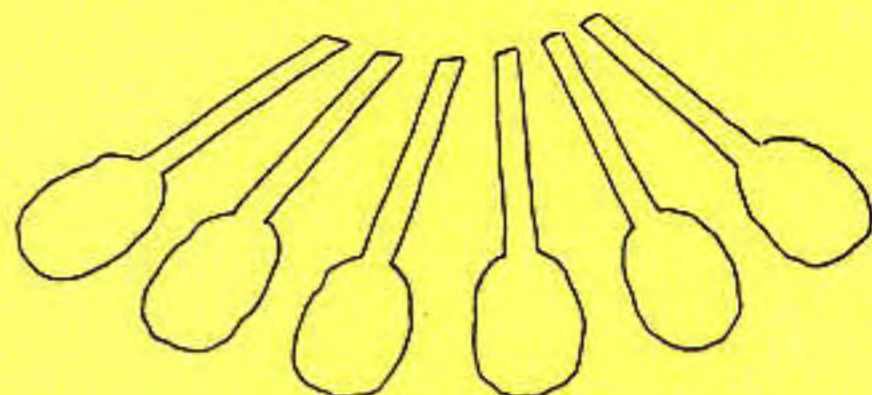


Head-set assembly

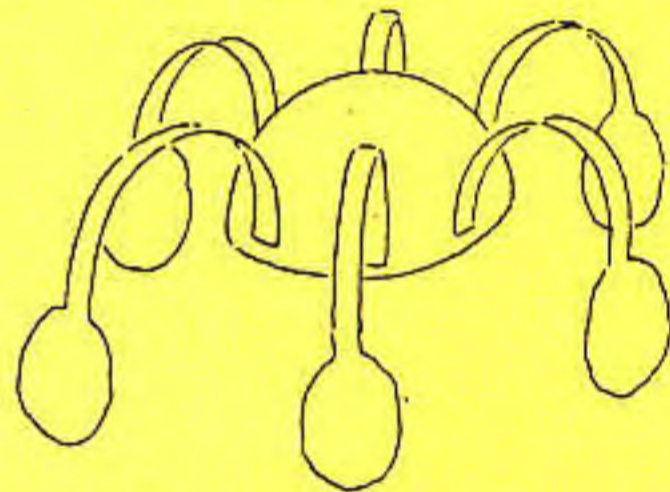
1. Cut an old football in half and turn it inside out.



2. Cut out the six virtual reality celebrity imagisers.



3. Glue the tabs equal distances apart around the rim of the football, as shown.



4. Place the finished head-set on head. For extra adhesion during fighting you may wish to strap it on using Sellotape as shown.



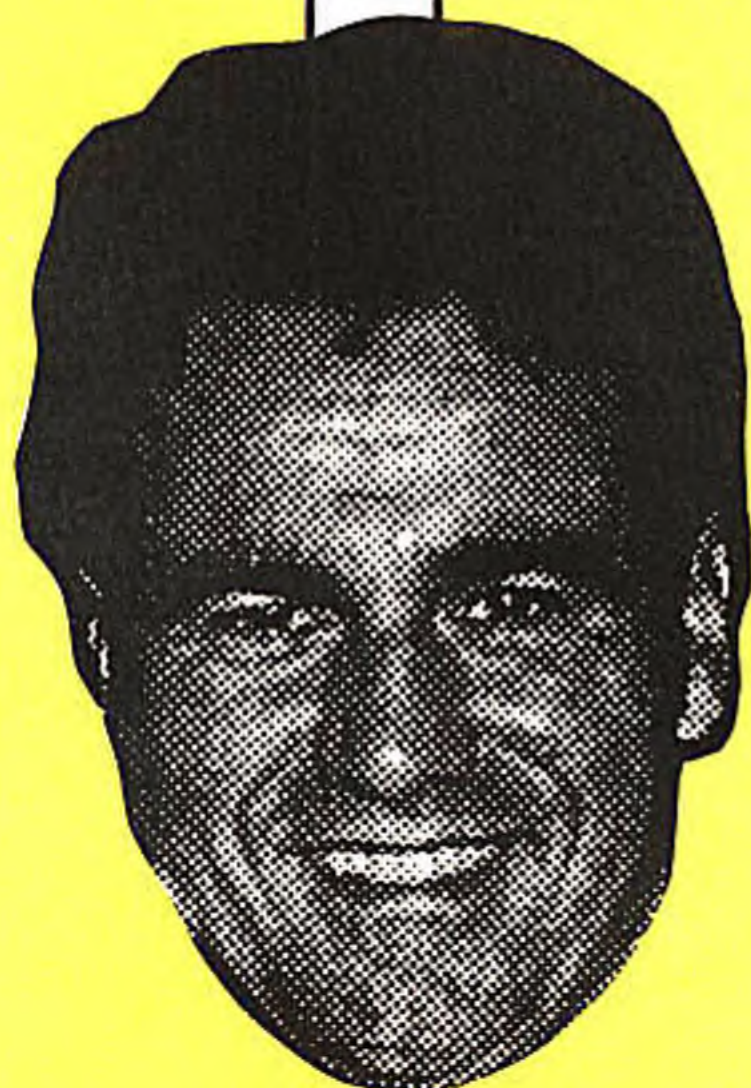
MICHAEL HUTCHENCE

Easily provoked. Try pulling his hair or knocking his sunglasses off.



GILLIAN TAYLFORTH & GEOFF KNIGHTS

Classic domestic fighting duet. *Warning:* If you hit her, duck. He'll go straight for you.



TAB

TAB

YOUR NUMBER'S UP!

HERE'S A POUND. GO AND BUY
OUR LOTTERY TICKET. THE
USUAL NUMBERS.

YES DEAR.

WE'VE GOT NO CHANCE OF WINNING
THE LOTTERY. SO I SPENT THE POUND
ON THESE FAGS. SHE'LL NEVER KNOW,
AS LONG AS I SMOKE THEM ALL BEFORE
I GET HOME.

HOORAY! AT LAST,
OUR NUMBERS HAVE
COME UP! WE'RE
MILLIONAIRES!

OH NO! HOW
CAN I TELL HER?!

I'M OFF TO BUY SOME
FERRARIS AND A
HELICOPTER.
SEE YOU LATER.

OH NO. I CAN NEVER TELL HER.
SHE'LL BE HEARTBROKEN.
I SIMPLY CAN'T FACE HER.

FRED? WHERE ARE YOU?
FUNNY... I CAN SMELL
MICROWAVES

FRED! OH NO!
HE'S KILLED HIS
SELF IN THE
MICROWAVE.

A note left nearby explained
the whole sorry story.

We never won the
Lottery cos I never
bought a ticket -
so I've killed myself.
Fred

OH NO! HOW AM I GOING
TO PAY FOR THE FERRARIS
AND THE HELICOPTER?
THEY'RE BEING DELIVERED
THIS AFTERNOON.

**DING!
DONG!**

OH NO. I HOPE
THAT'S NOT THEM

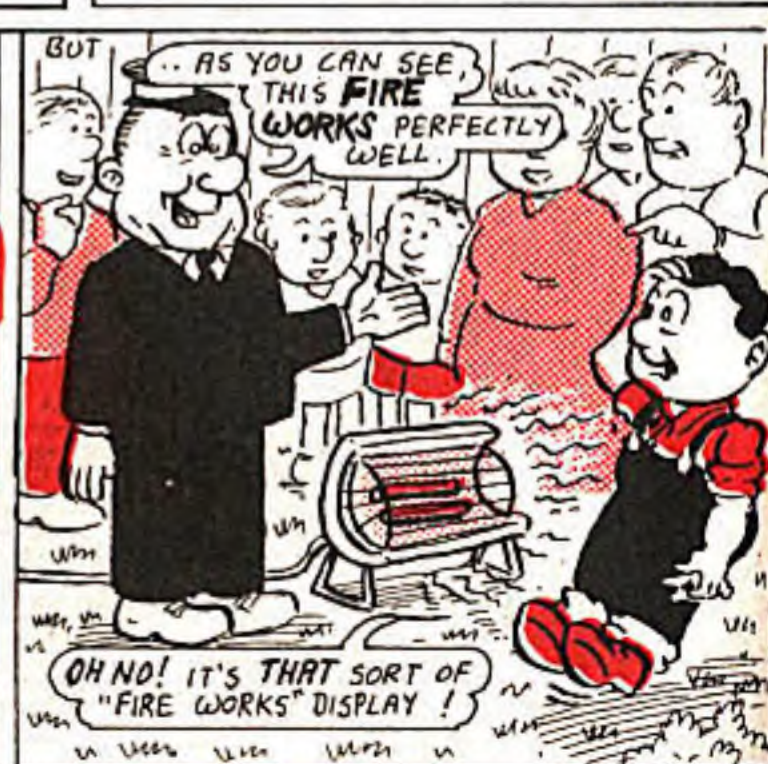
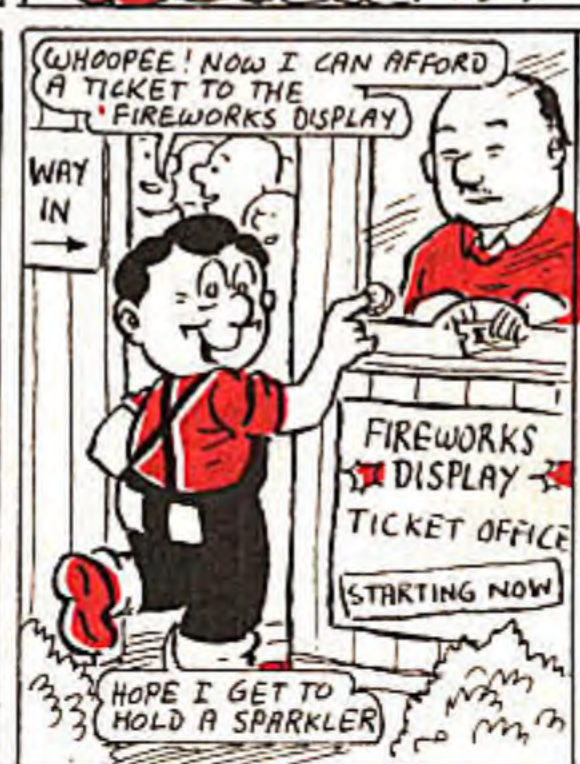
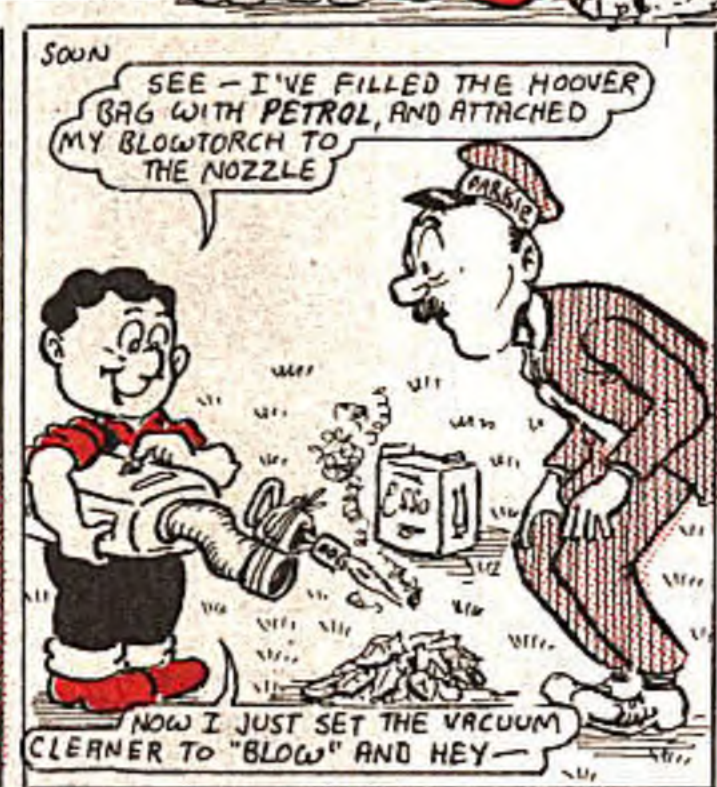
HELLO. I'M FROM THE INSURANCE COMPANY. YOUR HUSBAND WAS
INSURED FOR TEN MILLION QUID. HERE'S YOUR CHEQUE.

HOORAY! I GET TO KEEP
THE FERRARIS AND
HELICOPTER AFTER ALL!

THE END

The Moral of the Story:
To many cooks spoil the broth,
and many hands make an omelette.

GILBERT RATCHET



Track to the future!

**Past stars
to go back
to past in
the future**

Passengers using the Channel Tunnel could soon find themselves driving out the other end into Napoleonic times if an ambitious scheme to reverse the tunnel's fortunes goes ahead.

With owners Euro Tunnel massively in debt the tunnel is in serious danger of collapse. And bosses believe the only way to save it is by spending even more cash, this time converting it into a giant time machine.

Rail

The advantages of a Time Tunnel rail link between Britain and France would be enormous.

* **TOURISTS** could choose which period of history they would like to arrive in. The French could visit Victorian England, or we could visit France in Norman times and see the famous Bayeux Tapestry being painted.

* **TRUCK** drivers could make up lost time by arriving at their destination before they had even left home. And food produce need never go to waste because of road hold ups. If a lorry load of milk went off, the driver could simply go back in time to when it was fresh. Or forwards until its cheese.

* **CONTROVERSY** over veal exports would be resolved. With time tunnel technology lorries packed with baby veals could simply go forward in time until the veals were fully grown, thus keeping protestors happy.

* **AND** lorry drivers could avoid French farmers setting fire to their sheep by simply going back through time until before fire had been invented.

Liar

Unlike the original project the Time Tunnel could easily be finished on schedule. Within a year. Or even a week. For no matter how long it takes to build, once it is finished engineers can simply bring it back through time to when it was supposed to be ready.

A tunnel in time saves line

Obviously there would be a down side too. Steps would have to be taken to ensure that Germans could not slip through the tunnel and go back in time to try and win the war again. And scientists meanwhile fear that a 'paradox' could occur if time travellers were to break the 'space/time continuum'. This would result in the room shaking too and fro, and sparks flying around everywhere. Meanwhile safety chiefs have expressed concern that tourists travelling too far back in time could be eaten by dinosaurs.

Lair

But the biggest hurdle appears to be technical. Euro engineers will have to come up with a reliable Time Tunnel capable of working smoothly, and not going wrong every week like the one in the sixties television series. And that, says Euro Tunnel Co Chairman Alistair Morton, will cost a lot of money.

Lira

"At this stage I think we're looking at around ten, possibly twenty, trillion, zillion, squillion or even phillion pounds. More money than there is in the whole world, probably. But there's no risk to investors whatsoever. Because if at the end of the day the time tunnel doesn't make a profit, we can simply go back in time to before the tunnel was built, scrap the whole idea, and give everyone their money back".



Singer Plastic Bertrand prepares to officially open the Channel Tunnel less than a year ago. But in its first 12 months the world's most ambitious civil engineering project has sprung a huge financial leak, with current debts of over £8 billion.



I do want to go to Chelsea! Actor Rodney Bewes (left) and fellow future time traveller John Noakes

Win a weekend travelling in time!

We're giving away a pair of tickets for the opening day of the Euro Time Tunnel. Simply write and tell us where YOU would go for a weekend break in time, travelling either backwards or forwards to the place and date of your choice. The possibilities are endless. Write and describe your dream holiday in time. Try keeping it reasonably short,

typed if at all possible, and send your letters to: Time Tunnel Competition, Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne NE99 1PT. We'll print the winning entry in the next issue, plus a special report on the winner's dream holiday, providing they stop in November this year on their way back through time, and tell us what it was like.

We asked a few celebrities who were available at short notice where and when **THEY** will be heading when the Time Tunnel opens for business. Former Likely Lad **Rodney Bewes** had no doubts. "I'd go back to the late sixties when my team Chelsea weren't crap, and before I'd done the Basil Brush show", he told us.

Pesetas

But Rodney may find one player missing from the sixties Chelsea team. Former goalkeeper **Peter Bonetti** is planning a time trip of his own. "I'd go to Mexico in June 1970", he told us. "And try not to let those three goals in for England against West Germany that cost us our place in the World Cup finals".

Zlotys

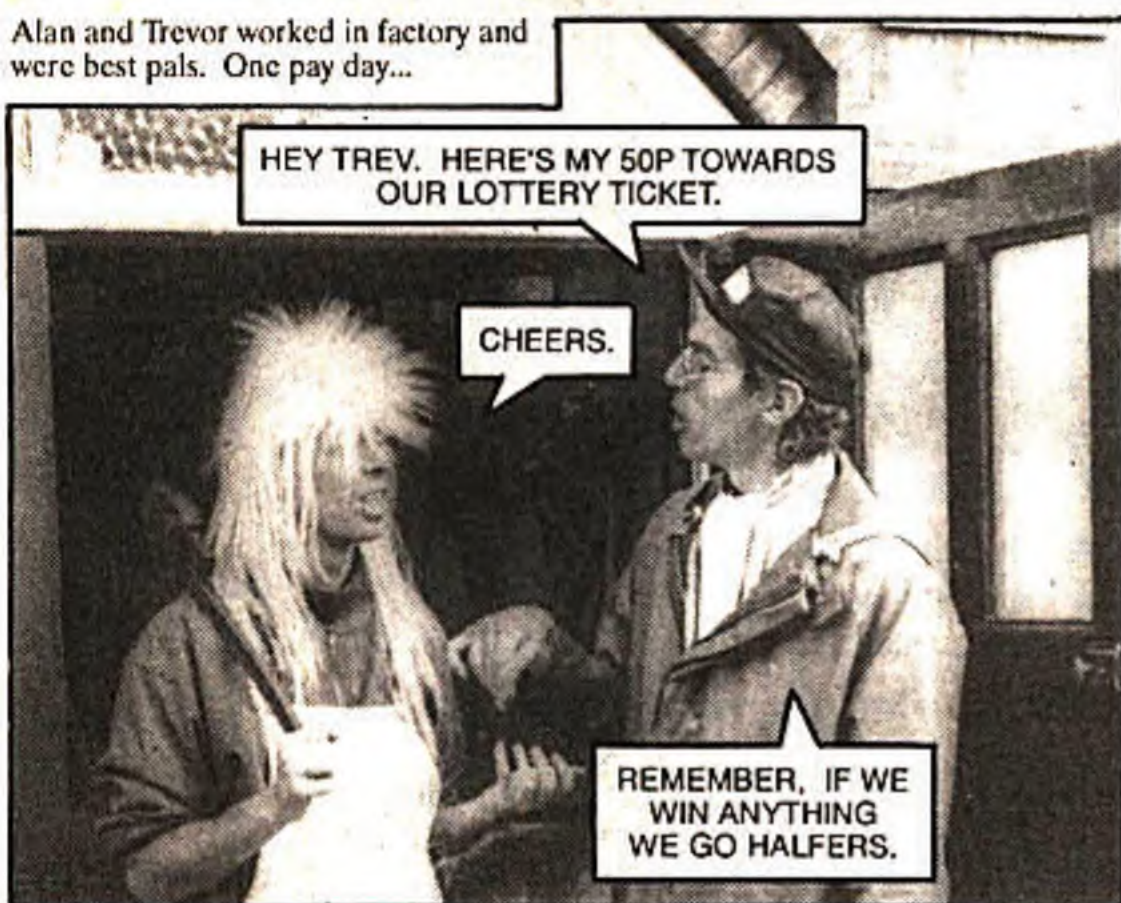
But former Blue Peter presenter **John Noakes** wasn't looking backwards. He was looking forward to travelling forwards in time. "I'd like to travel forwards from when I was in the seventies, but only as far as the eighties, which is backwards from here. That way I would still be a Blue Peter presenter instead of John Leslie, and I could have got to shag Catherine Zeta Jones. Or rather, I *will* have got to of shagged her. Sort of thing".



Catherine Zeta Jones in a new bra yesterday

ALL OR NOTHING

Alan and Trevor worked in factory and were best pals. One pay day...



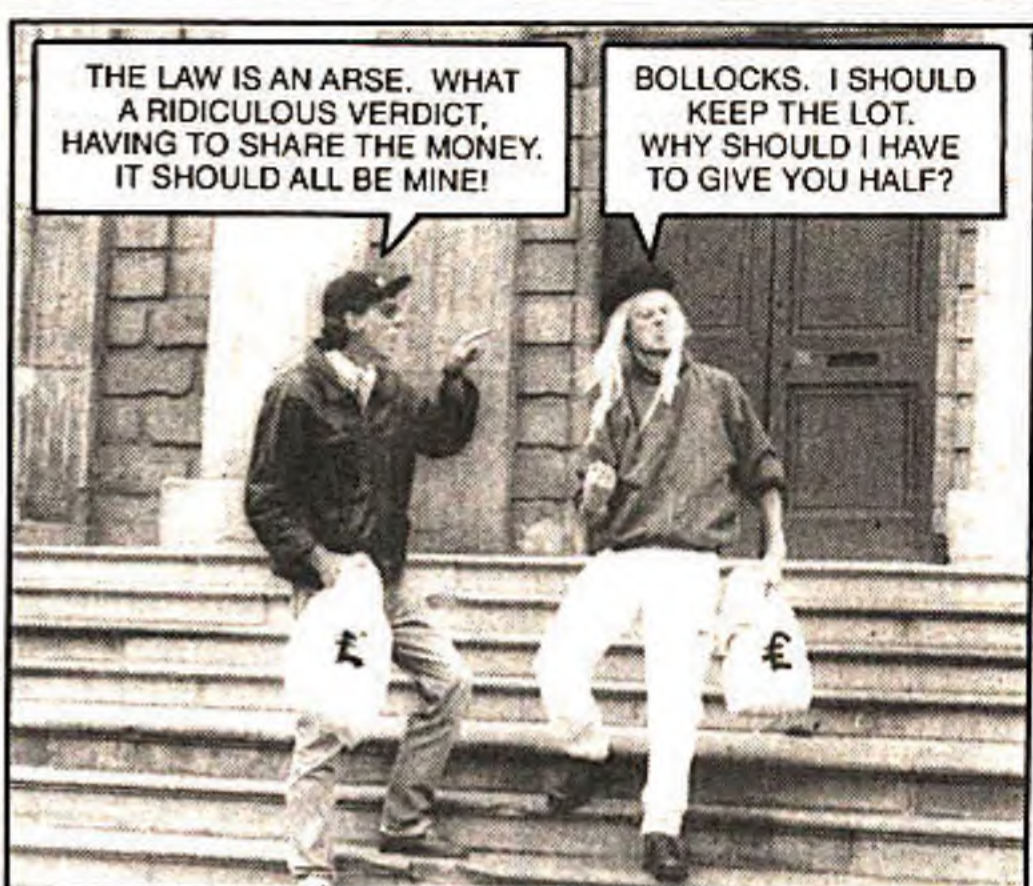
The following evening...



But the following Monday at work...



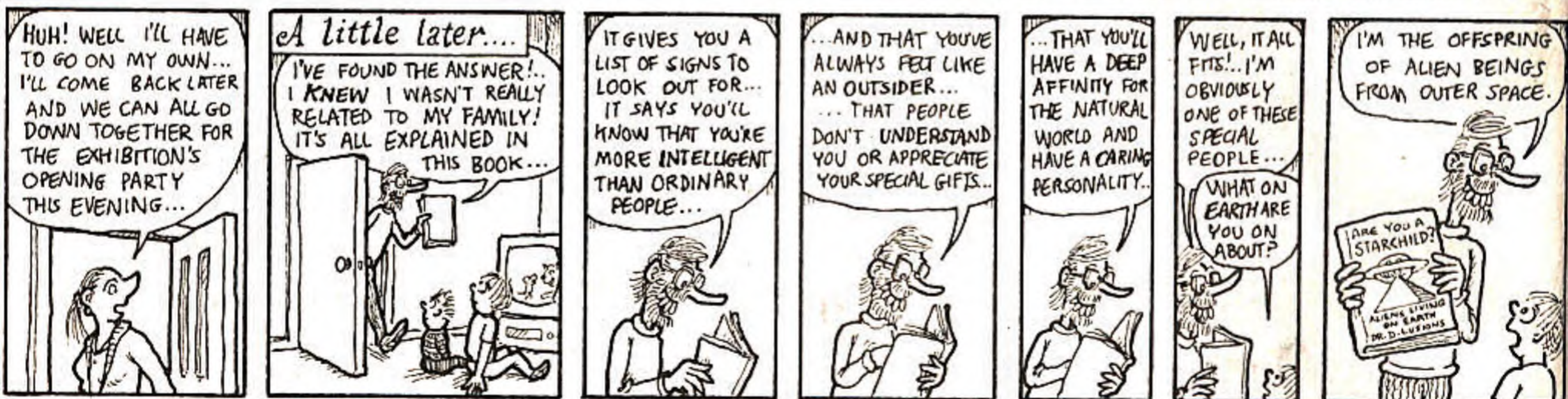
The next day at the Old Bailey...

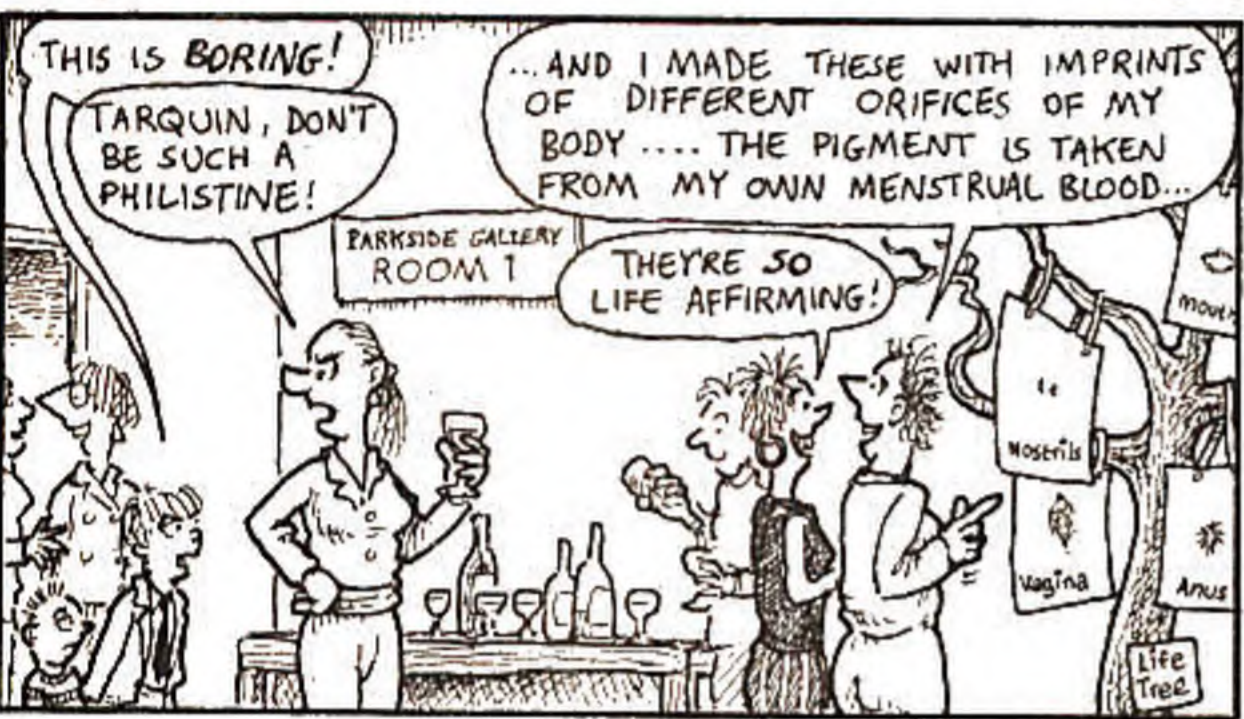
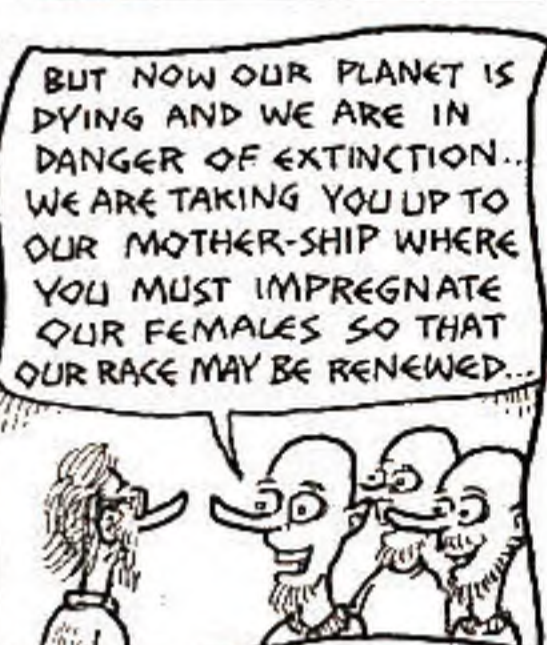
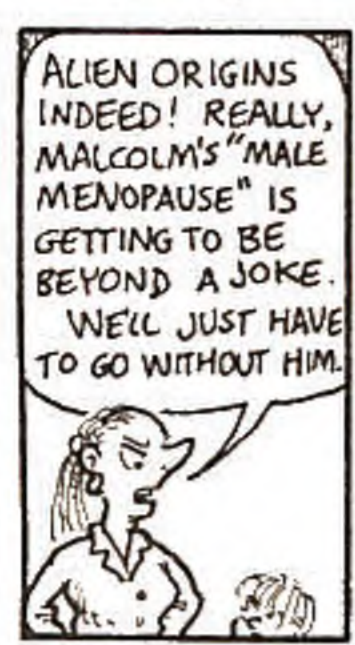
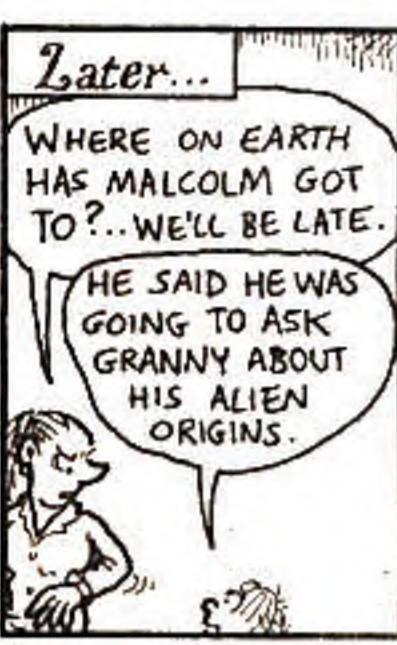
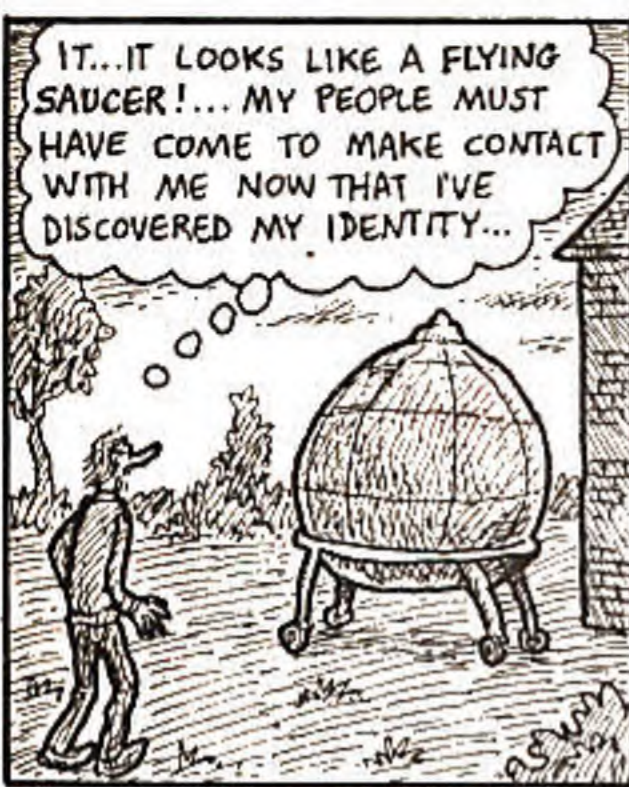


The Moral of the Story:

Love thy neighbour, the love of money is the root of all evil, and a watched pot never boils.

The MODERN PARENTS



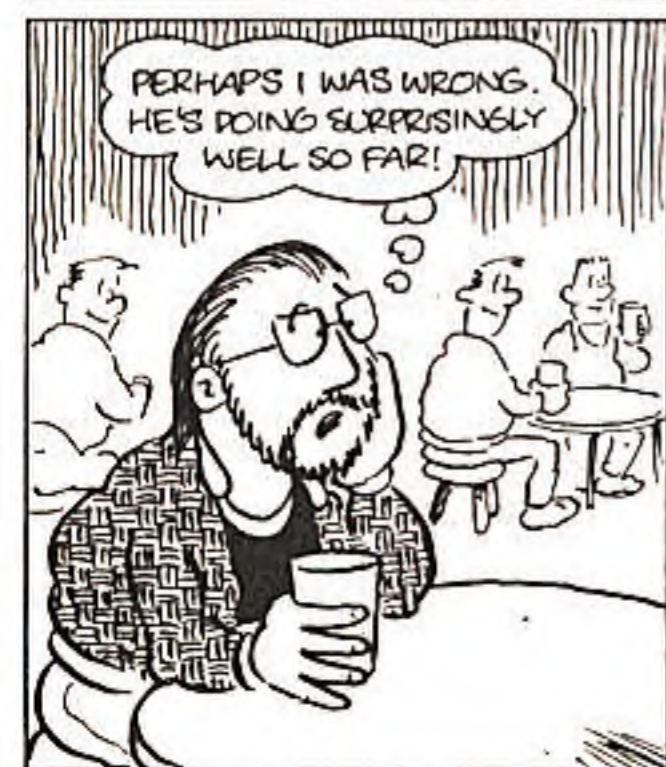
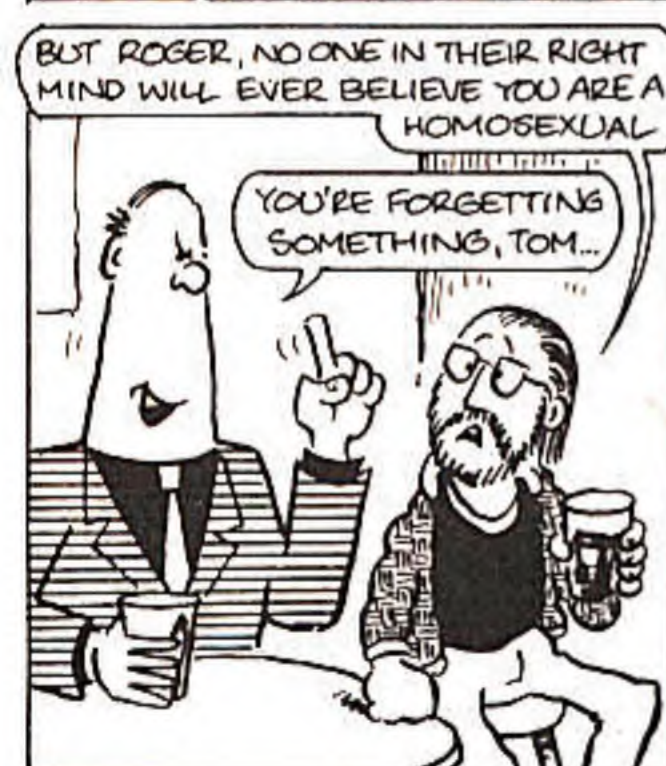
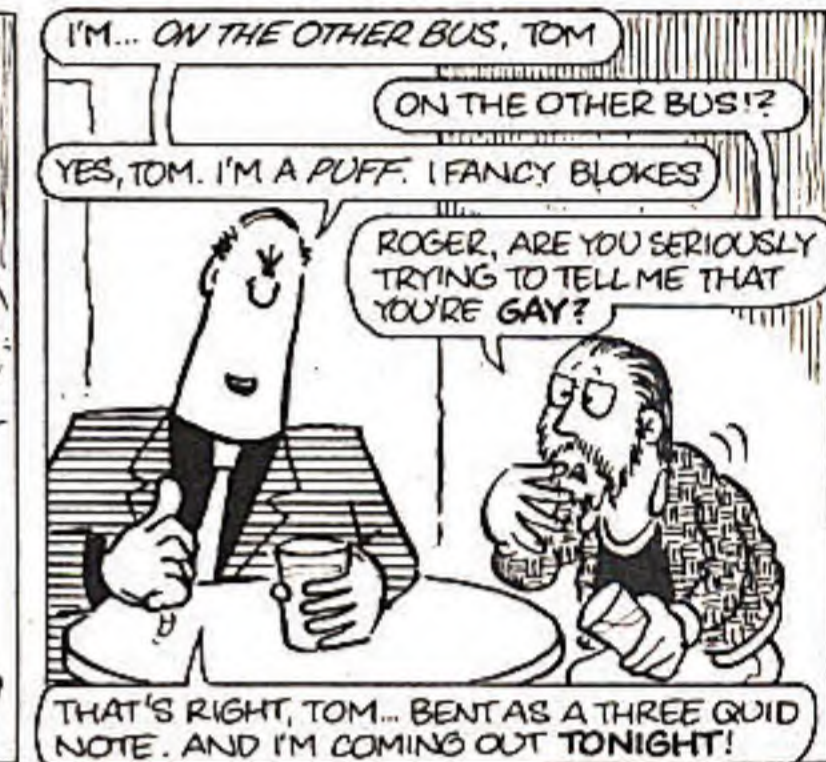
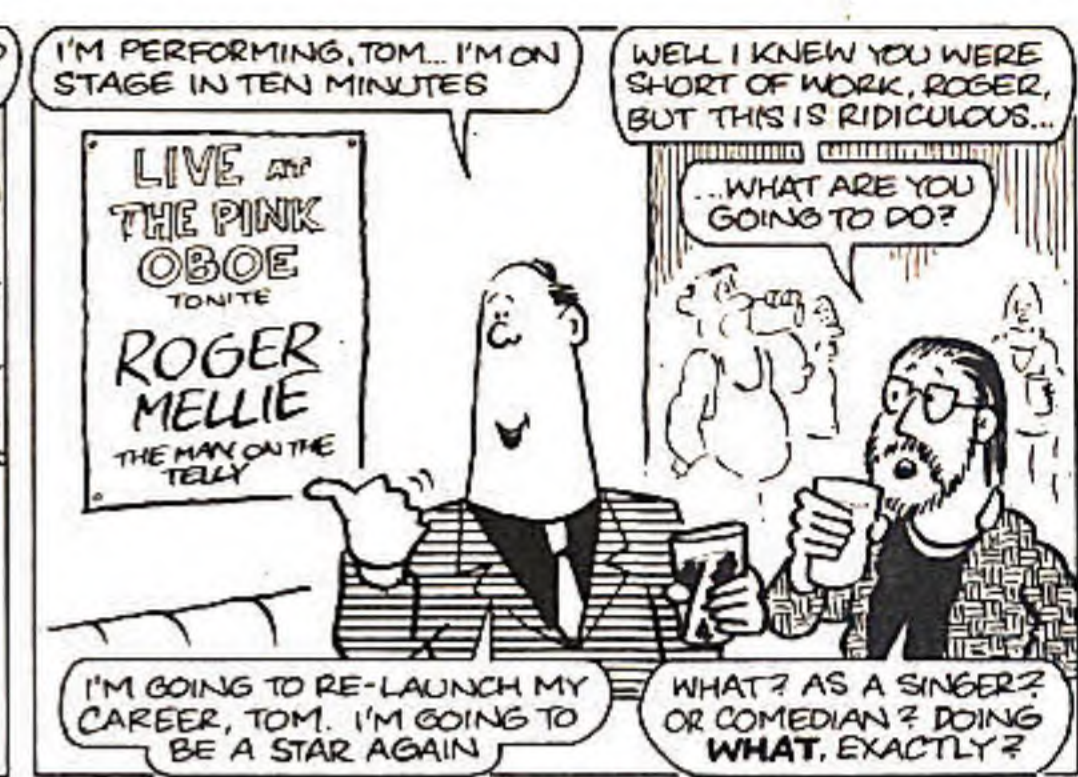


Thermos O'Flask



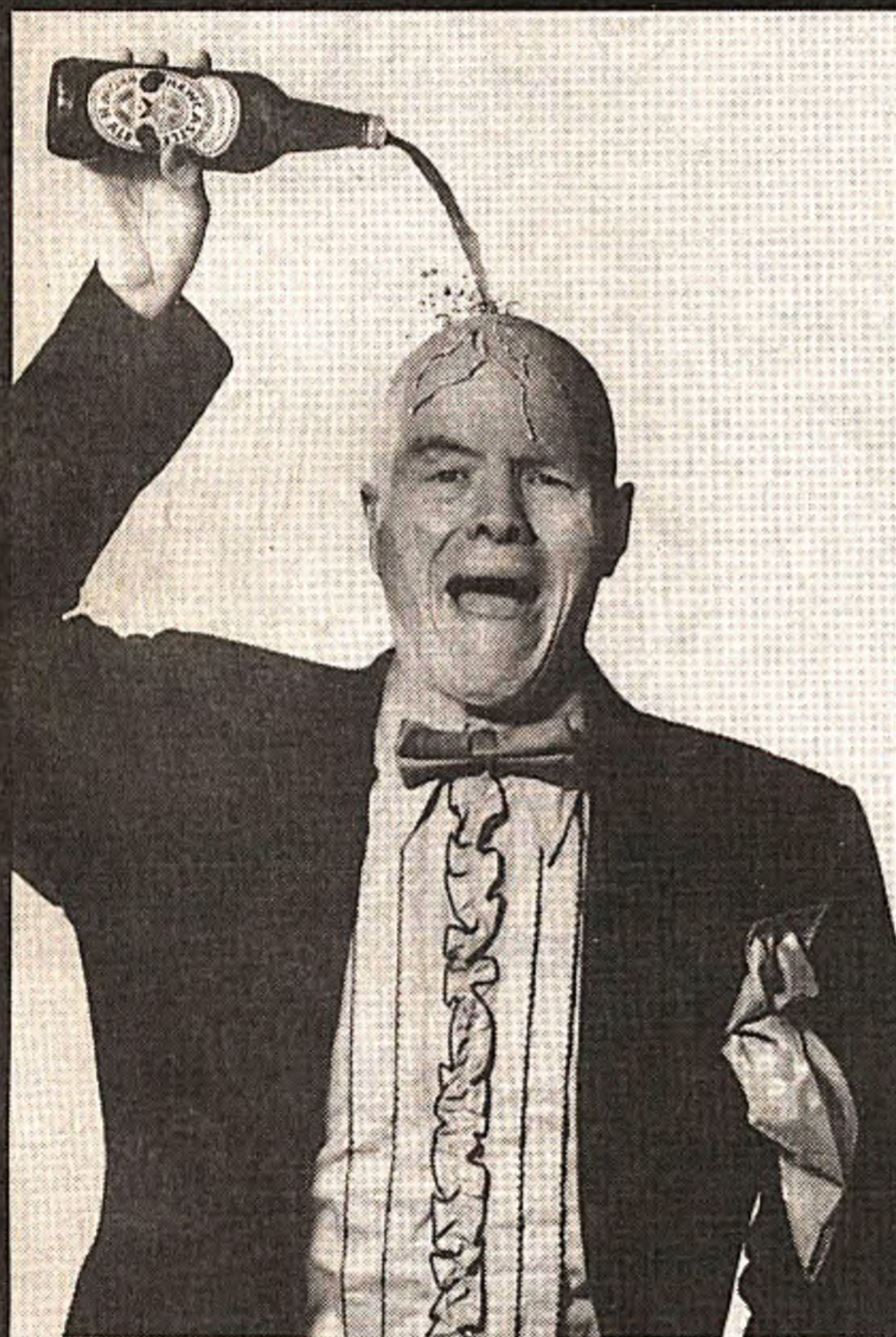
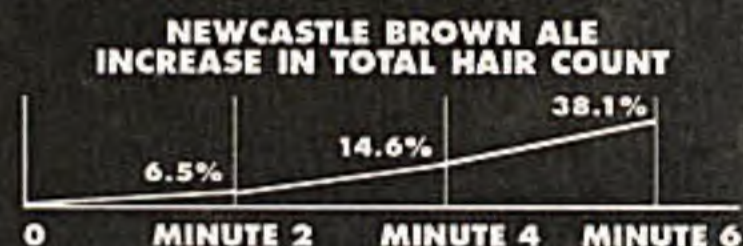
ROGER MELLIE

THE MAN ON THE TELLY



HAIR LOSS? NO PROBLEM!

Attention British hair loss sufferers! This amazing new technique developed in North Shields will end your slaphead nightmare forever. Remarkable results assured! Totally independent tests show an average 38% increase in hair count after just 6 minutes.



BEFORE



AFTER



Britain's biggest bottled beer

CANAL COURT

THE HONOURABLE MR JUSTICE KIRKUP Q.C. WAS THE LUCKIEST HIGH COURT JUDGE IN THE BRITISH JUDICIARY - FOR HE HAD BEFRIENDED A GIGANTIC EEL CALLED ELVIS



TOGETHER THE TWO FRIENDS WERE EMBARKED ON AN INCREDIBLE JOURNEY NORTH ALONG THE CANALS OF BRITAIN, BOUND FOR THE SCOTTISH ASSIZES

HA-HA! SEE HOW THOSE YOUNG ELVES WRIGGLE WITH GLEE



I DO BELIEVE THEY'RE TRYING TO THANK US FOR SAVING THEIR LIVES

WE'LL STOP FOR LUNCH SOON, EH ELVIS?



WAAK! WAAK!

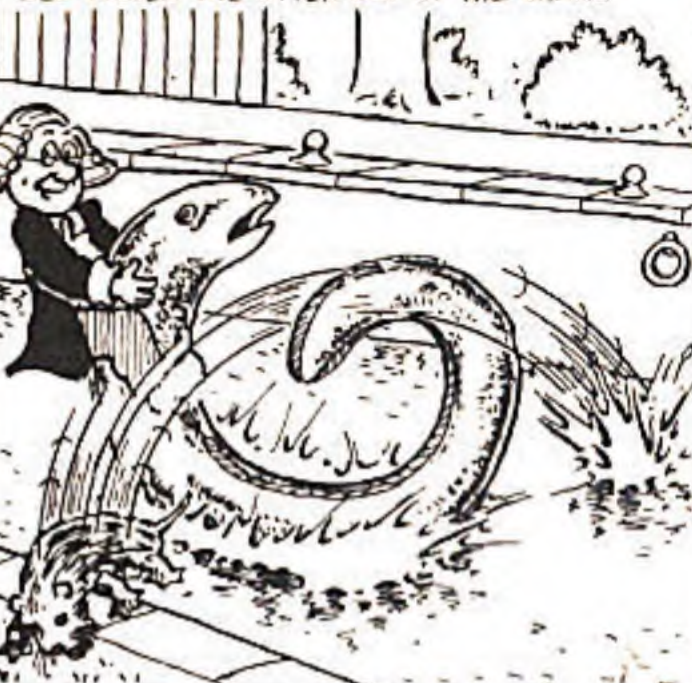
THEN

ELVIS, LOOK! THOSE BABY EELS - OR "ELVERS" - ARE BEING ATTACKED BY A HUNGRY OTTER!



WAAK!

WITH A FLICK OF HIS MIGHTY TAIL, THE GIANT EEL TOSSED THE OTTER OUT OF THE CANAL



HA-HA! SEE HOW THOSE YOUNG ELVES WRIGGLE WITH GLEE



I DO BELIEVE THEY'RE TRYING TO THANK US FOR SAVING THEIR LIVES



THIS LOOKS LIKE A NICE SPOT. WAIT HERE WHILE I BUY US SOME LUNCH, ELVIS



BUT THIS IS A STICK-UP! HAND OVER TWO CUPS OF TEA AND SOME EGG MAYONNAISE SANDWICHES, CUT INTO TRIANGLES

YEAH. WITH A LITTLE SPRIG OF PARSLEY ON TOP



STOP, YOU THIEVES! STEALING TEA AND SANDWICHES IS AGAINST THE LAW

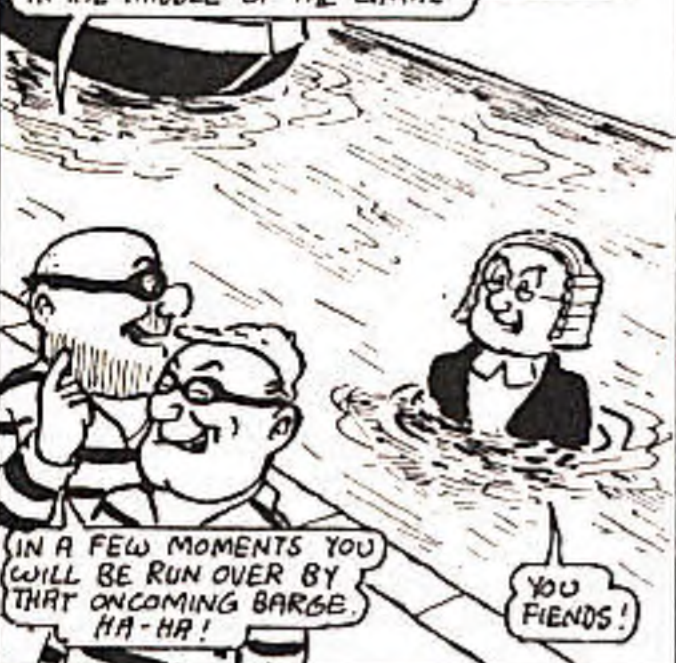
AFTER ALL, I SHOULD KNOW. I'M A JUDGE



THIS MEDDLING MAGISTRATE HAS SEEN TOO MUCH

TAKE HIM TO THE CANAL, LEFTY.

RIGHT, YOUR HONOUR. JUST STAND THERE, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CANAL



IN A FEW MOMENTS YOU WILL BE RUN OVER BY THAT ONCOMING BARGE HA-HA!

YOU FIENDS!

ELVIS! THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE HERE



YOU MUST STOP THAT BARGE BEFORE IT HITS ME

SUSPENDING HIS BODY ACROSS THE CANAL, ELVIS FORMED AN EEL-LIKE BARRIER IN FRONT OF THE JUDGE



WAAK! WAAK!

WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK - IT'S A POLICE BARGE

WHAT'S ALL THIS THEN?



WHAT'S UP, M'LUD?

FOLLOW ME, CONSTABLE - WE HAVE SOME CROOKS TO APPREHEND



THE GAME'S UP, YOU VILLAINS. I HEREBY DECLARE THIS TEA GARDEN A COURT OF LAW

OH, DRAT

AND I'M BRINGING YOU TO TRIAL FOR STEALING TEA AND SANDWICHES



THE PROBLEM IS - IN ACCORDANCE WITH BRITISH JUSTICE, THESE MEN SHOULD BE TRIED BY JURY

BUT WHERE ARE WE GOING TO FIND A JURY AT SUCH SHORT NOTICE?



JUST THEN

EK EK EK EK EK EK

WHY! IT'S THE BABY EELS WHOSE LIVES WE SAVED EARLIER



AND SO... THE DEFENDANTS WILL BE TRIED BEFORE A JURY OF TWELVE GOOD EELS AND TRUE

THIS COURT IS NOW IN SESSION



SHORTLY EELS OF THE JURY, YOU HAVE HEARD THE EVIDENCE BROUGHT AGAINST THESE TWO MEN

WHAT IS YOUR EELY VERDICT?



LET'S RUN FOR IT BEFORE THOSE EELS PASS SENTENCE

QUICK, ELVIS - I'LL NEED YOUR HELP TO STOP THOSE VILLAINS ESCAPING



WIELDING ELVIS LIKE A GIANT COSH, JUDGE KIRKUP FRENZIEDLY BATTERED THE TWO CROOKS TO THE GROUND

TAKE THAT! AND THAT!



LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE DEAD, YOUR HONOUR

YES, THE WORLD OF THE CRIMINAL IS A HARSH AND BRUTAL WORLD, CONSTABLE

ALL TOO OFTEN, THIS IS THE TRAGIC FATE OF THOSE WHO CHOOSE TO LEAD A LIFE OF CRIME



AND SO JUDGE KIRKUP AND HIS GIANT EEL ELVIS RESUMED THEIR JOURNEY NORTHWARD

ONCE AGAIN JUSTICE HAD BEEN UPHELD BY THE CHUMS OF THE CANAL COURT

YOU PAY YOUR MONEY, YOU TAKE YOUR CHANCE



The Moral of the Story:
There's many a slip twixt cup and lip

The MAN in the PUB

Britain's most ill-informed columnist



You know that actor who was the cowboy copper on the telly? Him with the horse. Dennis Hopper, that's him. Guess where he lives. Go on, 'ave a guess. I'll tell ya. He lives in a pile of tyres, in the middle of the desert. Straight up that is. Not a word of a lie.

I'll tell you who isn't dead, niether. Walt Disney. Still alive he is. Put his head in a fridge. They reckon' its still working. He's buying Sky telly, he is. Heard about it on the news.

That Kevin Keegan, he's got a *factory*, he has. Mate o'mine told me. Makes dodgy lighters. Sells 'em in the street, three for a quid. Not personally. Get's someone else to do that. *Three for a quid!* No wonder he's got so much bleedin' money, eh?

You know that Bob Holness? Him off Bullseye. Played the saxophone on Baker Street, he did. The record. Made a bleedin' fortune, apparently. And there's another one for you - Bob Monkhouse. He invented Dennis the Menace. Did you know that? It's true. Swear it on my mother's life.

You know what? And this is God's honest truth, this is. It is *scientifically impossible* for bees to fly. That's a fact that is. No one knows how they do it. It's the same with reversing articulated lorries. On paper, it can't be done. Impossible. There's no explaining it, is there? You've either got it, or you haven't, eh?

You know who's got the clap? Shall I tell ya? Shirley Bassey, that's who. A mate of mine at school, his sister had a leaflet about it. You know, about VD. Had her picture on it.

Did you know that 'omo sexuals don't actually *do it*, as such. You know... *sex!* Most of 'em don't bother. Mind, a mate of mine was in this gay club in New York, right, and this geezer stuck his head right up another fella's arse, right there on the bar, for all to see. Turns my stomach that does. I don't know how they do it, me.

I HOPE I HAVEN'T MISSED THE LAST POST



High Jack!



Fulchester's oldest man reaches for the sky!

Jack Parkinson believes he is probably the oldest man in Fulchester. And this year he hopes to celebrate his 59th birthday by taking his first ever flight on Concorde!

While most of us can only read about history in books Jack has watched it taking shape over almost six decades. On the day he was born World War Two hadn't even started yet, Queen Victoria had only been dead for a few years, and an old fashioned '78 record was top of the charts.

Advent

In an incredible lifetime which has spanned almost six decades, Jack has witnessed the advent of colour TV, has watched natural gas replace the old kind of gas, and has seen conventional ovens make way for microwaves.

Pirelli

Jack spent his working life as a postman but now tires easily and is no longer able to do much exercise. He last worked almost ten years ago, and spends most of his time nowadays sitting in his favourite armchair watching television. But today's satellite telly with remote control is a far cry from the TV he was brought up on.

Goodyear.

He still vividly recalls the marriage of the Prince of Wales, Dr Who with Jon Pertwee, and the first ever broadcast by Channel 4. "It was a programme called 'Countdown' presented by a man called Richard Madeley", he fondly recalls with a smile. His body may be old, but his mind remains alert.

Lancashire

Ask Jack the secret of his longevity and he'll tell you its a combination of cigarettes and alcohol! Every night for over forty years has gone into his local pub and ordered his usual; eight pints of lager. He has smoked since he was 16, and still gets through over 30 a day.

Now with two grown up children of his own, and an incredible four grandchildren, Jack hopes to fulfil a lifelong ambition later this year by becoming great grandfather! But there is one other ambition he is desperate to achieve before time runs out.

Jack has always dreamt of flying on Concorde and

next month he hopes to celebrate his 59th birthday by taking his wife, his daughter and son-in-law, and their two children, together with a friend, to Barbados for a fortnight. Anyone who could supply Jack with seven return Concorde flights can contact him at his local pub, The Red Lion on Fulchester High Street, any evening after 6.30.

Queues R you's!



Queues for this Christmas's most popular toy are already forming in High Streets all over Britain.

Nobody knows what it is going to be yet, but toy shop owners are already reporting unprecedented demand.

Tarmy

"We won't be getting it in stock for weeks yet, and already the shelves are empty. It looks certain to outsell last year's Power Rangers, and could even do better than Tracey Island", said one Oxford Street store manager who has seen customers camping outside his shop for the last three weeks.

Driver

First in the queue was unemployed gas fitter Fred Baxendale of Battersea who has been waiting in the shop doorway since early August, determined not to miss out on this year's smash hit toy. "He doesn't know what

it is yet, but my son has set his heart on having one, and he'll be absolutely heart-broken if he wakes up on Christmas morning and hasn't got one."

Sand Wedge

"Whatever they are, they'll be flying off the shelves as fast as we can put them out. We'll never have known anything like it!" said the shop spokesman.

Parsty

"No decision has yet been made as to what this year's best selling toy is going to be", said a leading toy manufacturer yesterday. However he was able to confirm that the toy will be priced £59.95, made entirely of plastic, and would be broken by Boxing Day. "Batteries will not be included", he added.

SPOILT BASTARD

ONE DAY...

NO, WOMAN, NO...
THE OTHER SIDE...
THE OTHER SIDE!

WIND WIND WIND

PUFF! PANT! PUFF! PANT!
PUFF! PANT! PUFF! PANT!

SPLOSH!
SPLOSH!

PUFF! PANT! PUFF! PANT!
PUFF! PANT! PUFF! PANT!

WIND WIND WIND

PUFF! PANT!... HOW'S THAT... MY LOVE?

WELL... THEY'RE STILL
ROLLING A BIT TO THE
LEFT... BUT IT'LL HAVE
TO DO, I SUPPOSE

OH, GOOD

WELL, AREN'T WE LUCKY? A WHOLE WEEK
IN A CARAVAN IN PRESTATYN... THANK
YOU FOR BRINGING ME, WOMAN.
THANK YOU VERY MUCH

OH, YOU'RE
WELCOME,
TIMMY

YES...

...POOR OLD BARRY REEVES HAS BEEN DRAGGED
OFF TO DISNEYLAND BY HIS MUM AND DAD...

...AND ALAN MARSH... POOR THING...
HAS BEEN FORCED TO GO ON A
CARIBBEAN CRUISE FOR TWO WEEKS

ERM...

SOUNDS AWFUL, DOESN'T IT, WOMAN?
THEY'LL ENVY US IN PRESTATYN...
THE MILLIONAIRE'S PLAYGROUND

OH, IT'S NOT THAT BAD. WE'LL HAVE A
NICE TIME WHEN THE RAIN STOPS

I'D RATHER HAVE STAYED AT
HOME... AND THAT'S
SAYING SOMETHING

I'M SORRY,
TIMMY...
IT'S ALL
I COULD
AFFORD.

...STAPLING ELASTIC ONTO PARTY HATS
ISN'T THE BEST PAID JOB IN THE WORLD
AND I CAN'T WORK ANY MORE HOURS
THAN I DO... SNIFF... I CAN'T

OH, NOW YOU SEEM TO
FIND TIME TO SLEEP AT
NIGHT... WHY NOT WORK
THEN AS WELL?

ANYWAY... IF YOU'D PAID A LITTLE
MORE ATTENTION AT SCHOOL, YOU
MIGHT HAVE BEEN A DOCTOR OR
A LAWYER OR SOMETHING. YOU
COULD HAVE MADE SOMETHING OF
YOURSELF AND WE WOULDN'T BE
IN A CARAVAN IN PRESTATYN

BUT, TIMMY...

IF YOU COULDN'T AFFORD TO TAKE ME TO DISNEYLAND
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD ME... YOU SHOULD HAVE
BEEN STERILISED, WOMAN... OR YOU COULD AT LEAST
HAVE DONE THE DECENT THING AND HAD ME ADOPTED

OH, COME ON, TIMMY, DON'T BE LIKE THAT... IT'S
MOST UNLIKE YOU... I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, LET'S
PLAY A GAME...

ALRIGHT THEN,
I SPY WITH MY
LITTLE EYE...

...SOMETHING
BEGINNING WITH...

...FAT OLD WITCH

OH, TIMMY... THAT'S NOT NICE...

OF COURSE IT'S NOT...
IT WASN'T MEANT TO BE

OH, I'M
GOING TO BED...

...YOU NEVER KNOW, I MIGHT HAVE A NICE
DREAM... ONE WHERE YOU DIG AND SOME-
ONE WHO'S RICH ADOPTS ME

SHORTLY...

ERM... EXCUSE ME...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I'M GOING TO
BED, MY DEAR

NOT THERE YOU'RE
NOT... THAT'S SAM'S
BED

HE'S MY IMAGINARY FRIEND,
AND THAT'S HIS BED

BUT, TIMMY...
THIS IS A TWO
BERTH CARAVAN...
WHERE AM I
GOING TO SLEEP?

I DON'T KNOW
AND I DON'T
CARE... ALL I
KNOW IS, IS
THAT THAT'S HIS
BED NOT YOURS

SHORTLY...

AAAH-CHOO!
AAAH-CHOO!

SNIF...
AAAH-CHOO!
AAAH-CHOO!

4 A.M...

TIMMY... LET ME IN...
IT'S STARTED TO SNOW...

TAP!
TAP!
TAP!

PLEASE... I'LL
SLEEP ON THE FLOOR

...NO YOU WON'T! YOU'LL KEEP SAM
AWAKE WITH THAT SNORING OF YOURS...

NOW LET
ME GO TO
SLEEP!

NEXT MORNING...

**KNOCK!
KNOCK!**

GOD!... I BET THAT'S HER AGAIN

GOOD MORNING. I'M FROM THE SOCIAL
SERVICES. I'M AFRAID YOUR MUM'S DEAD
HYPOOTHERMIA, I THINK

OH!... BUT WHAT ABOUT
MY BREAKFAST?

DON'T WORRY... POP BILLIONAIRE JACK
MICHAELSON WAS PASSING AND HAS
TAKEN PITY ON YOU...

OW!

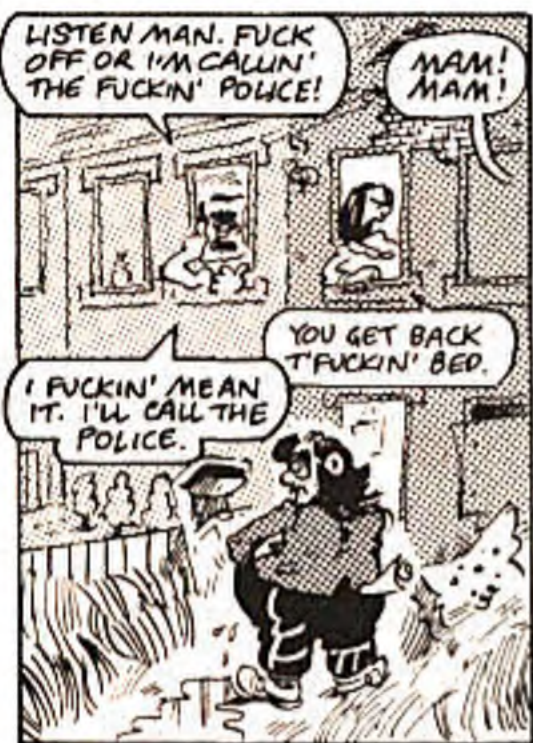
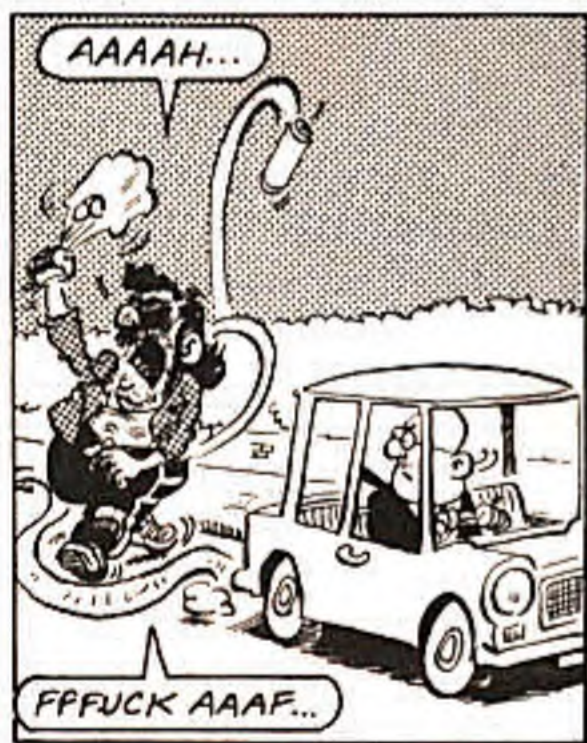
...HE'S OFFERED TO TAKE
YOU TO DISNEYLAND...
VIA TOYS 'R US

YA-HOO!!

EXIT. WHA... OH, NO. IT
WAS JUST A DREAM...

...AND WITH MY
LUCK, SHE'LL
STILL BE ALIVE
OUT THERE...

...YES... THOUGHT SO



Fuck a duck!

You won't believe the stories in here

Are you interested in sex with mongooses or chickens? If so, the Fortean Times Book of Weird Sex is the book for you.

Never in the history of publishing and sex have so many outlandish, hilarious, embarrassing and true stories been put together in one book. If you thought you were a pervert, just wait till you read the stories involving sex with cars, Bovril jars, cow's hearts, Barbie dolls, tractors and lamp-posts.

There's more than 360 phenomenal fornications featured in this pulsating paperback, although you're not recommended to try any of them yourself. Priced £4.99 it's available from all good book shops, but we're giving away 50 copies in a special 'Weird Sex' competition.

Just answer the following questions a, b or c and send your answers, together with your name and address, to our usual address. We'll give the books to the fifty people with the highest number of correct answers. All the questions are based on true stories which appear in the book.

1. In 1987 Donald H. Baker was arrested at a women's lavatory in California after he was spotted doing what?
(a) Peeping in through a hole in the roof.
(b) Masturbating in one of the cubicles.
(c) Sitting in the cesspit below, waist deep in urine and excrement.

2. In 1994 Texas police officer Anthony Scism was sacked for doing what?
(a) Exposing himself.
(b) Having sex while on duty.
(c) Stopping a female motorist, telling her he was a baby, and demanding that she breast feed him or she would be sent to jail.

3. In October 1994 a Swedish taxi driver left his meter running while having sex with a female passenger. How much did he charge her afterwards?
(a) £20
(b) £200
(c) £5,600 including tax.

4. Daryl Washington and Maria Rambos of New York were having sex in 1992 when they were suddenly interrupted by what?
(a) Their house collapsed.
(b) A tiger appeared at the window.
(c) They were run over by an underground train.

5. Donald and Deborah Schneider suffered a wedding night disaster in November 1989. What happened?
(a) Once in bed they discovered they were both men.
(b) She had a fit and bit his cock off.
(c) She fell 75 feet over a balcony after he'd slipped carrying her into the bedroom.

6. Charnchai Puanmuangpak died performing a sex act at his local petrol station in Thailand. What was he doing?
(a) Having sex in the car wash.
(b) Having sex with a petrol pump.
(c) Blowing high pressure air up his arse.

7. Australian Mervyn Lilburne was arrested in 1991 for attempting to have sex with what?
(a) A kangaroo.
(b) A didgeridoo.
(c) A statue.

8. In 1980 Mario Arballo took former 'Charlie's Angel' Jaclyn Smith to court accusing her of what?
(a) Committing an act of gross indecency by appearing in a bikini on TV.

Fifty lucky readers can have Weird Sex on us

(b) Breaking up his marriage by appearing on TV and distracting him from his wife.

(c) Being a witch and using telepathy to make him commit sex acts including bestiality and sodomy.

9. In 1992 a mentally disturbed 32 year old woman was found sitting in her neighbour's satellite dish masturbating. She was under the impression that she had been making love to who?

(a) Jim Reeves.
(b) Buck Rodgers.
(c) Donald Duck.



10. In June 1987 a 34 year old man from New York squirted a cocaine solution down his bell end to turn himself on during intercourse. What was the result?
(a) He had the best sex ever, non stop, for two

weeks.
(b) His partner died of a cocaine overdose.
(c) His blood clotted, he developed gangrene, and lost both his legs, nine fingers and his penis.

VODKA LOAD OF OLD SHITE

We've just received this press release (below) from Bond Clarkson Russel Marketing Development. They represent Shackleford Sales Limited who are launching a new brand of vodka - 'Ultraa Modern World Russian Vodka' - in the UK. They honestly believe that people are

going to buy vodka with a ridiculous name like that.

We've also been sent a sample of the 'product' as they refer to it, a very dodgy looking blue bottle of vodka, and rather than risk drinking it we're going to give it away to the first person who can answer the following questions.

1. How much do you reckon the fuck wit responsible for writing this pretentious drivel gets paid?

2. How the fuck did they get their job in the first place?

3. What dizzy heights of chart success did the unfortunate Blueburn reach with their vodka fuelled single 'Got To Know You'?

If anyone from Shackleford Sales Limited or Bond Clarkson Russel Marketing Development is reading this and is able to furnish us with the answer to the first two questions we'd be most grateful. But please, don't send any more vodka.

- 'ULTRAA KICKS IN TO MIX' -

"Vodka is spearheading the surge in popularity of white spirits as we move closer to the millennium. No longer neutral, vodka is held in high regard by a growing number of young drinkers who are both discerning and demanding. As existing propriety brands scramble to adjust their image to appeal to this rapidly expanding market a new brand ULTRAA - THE ULTIMATE MODERN WORLD RUSSIAN VODKA has emerged as the brand most likely to achieve the coveted 'premium package lager' status that vodka now seeks. Integrity is the cornerstone of the brand - it is 100% pure grain Russian vodka, genuinely Russian, uncompromising in quality and deliberately cutting edge in appeal.

- 'RE-DEFINING MODERN TASTE' -

No one can have failed to notice the current interest in vodka as it has emerged as the preferred white spirit amongst 18-35 year olds. Recent attempts by UK based companies to corner the market in the ultimate Russian spirit have been overshadowed by ULTRAA - MODERN WORLD RUSSIAN VODKA. Its striking blue bottle and dynamic label place it firmly as a drink for today. Since its launch ULTRAA has been inextricably linked with the music scene. First it was adopted as Tomorrow's Drink by Manchester's Club scene, then Ultraa was main sponsor to Dfm 101.4 the South coast's newest dance radio station and more recently as main sponsor to independent rockers BLUEBURN who are storming up the charts with their single 'Got To Know You'.

- ends -